

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 825



SEPT. 19, 1885

THE
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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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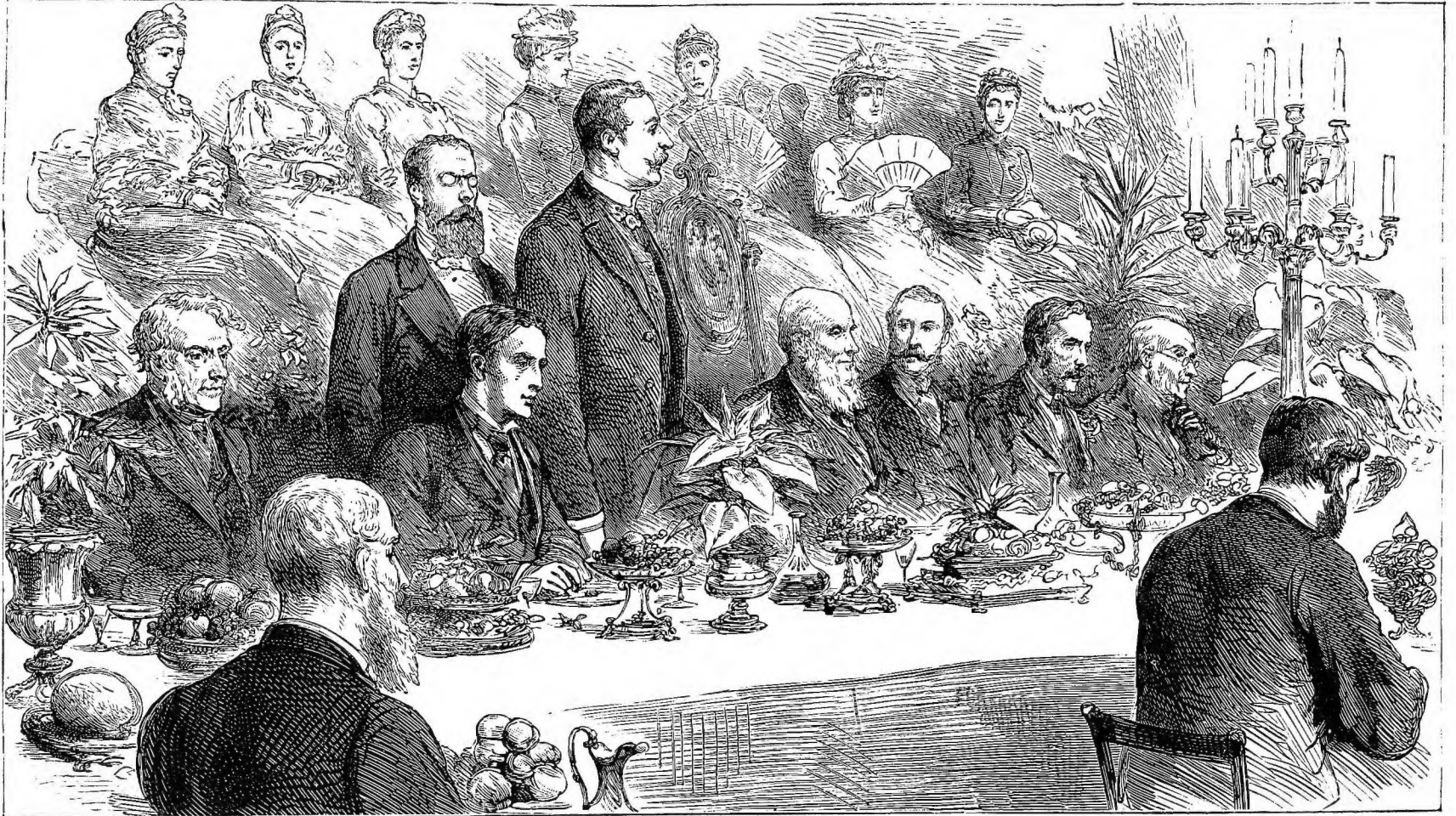
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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FAREWELL BANQUET AT BEACONSFIELD TO LORD CARRINGTON, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW SOUTH WALES



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SWEDISH ROYAL FAMILY AT THE ROYAL SWEDISH YACHT CLUB REGATTA, STOCKHOLM—
THE "ZULEIKA" PASSING UNDER THE STERN OF THE ROYAL YACHT "DROTT," AND DIPPING HER COLOURS

Topics of the Week

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S INFLUENCE.—Notwithstanding the opposition with which he has to contend, there can be no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain's influence over the class to which he especially appeals is steadily growing. Wherever he goes he meets with an enthusiastic reception, and both friends and enemies admit that there is no Liberal statesman whose ideas are so freely discussed by working men. According to some of his critics, his increasing influence is due to his mastery of the arts of the demagogue; but the real explanation seems to be that he surpasses all other political leaders in the earnestness with which he directs attention to the most urgent needs of England at the present day. He never delivers a speech without reminding his hearers of the terrible misery which prevails among great masses of our population, and no impartial person who reads what he says can suppose that his method of dealing with the subject springs from any mean or unworthy impulse. Conservatives and Moderate Liberals may see as clearly as Mr. Chamberlain all the evils about which he has so much to tell the country; but then they have no very definite remedies to suggest. As a rule, they content themselves with saying that the facts of our social life are the result of immutable economic laws, and that for permanent improvement we must trust chiefly to the gradual action of causes which are already at work. Mr. Chamberlain, on the contrary, holds that it is in the power of Parliament to pass many beneficial measures for the good of the poorer classes of the community; and he frankly explains what those measures are, and what, in his opinion, are the advantages which we may fairly expect to derive from them. His proposals may be open to serious objections, but, at any rate, they represent a sincere attempt to solve a most difficult problem; and they cannot be effectually met by merely negative criticism. If Mr. Chamberlain's opponents are to get the better of him, they must show not only that he is mistaken, but that they also are trying to find a satisfactory answer to his two questions: "How can we increase the material resources of the poor? How can we enlarge their opportunities of enjoyment?"

TERRORISM IN IRELAND.—The mellifluous speeches which have recently been scattered broadcast by the Lord-Lieutenant convey the impression of a fairly happy and contented community. But does this impression represent the reality? About as much, probably, as the smiling villages run up to please the eyes of the Empress Catherine when on her travels represented the actual Russia of that day. There is in Ireland a powerful organisation called the National League, which is simply the proscribed Land League masquerading under a new name. The League has affiliated branches all over the country, and from the official reports of the proceedings of these bodies the reader will learn that the condition of Arcadian contentment implied by Lord Carnarvon is at present far from attainment. The country, it appears, is afflicted by the presence of a cloud of greedy, unscrupulous locusts, called "land-grabbers." They are worse, says the genial Mr. Biggar, than any other criminals; they deserve no mercy. Nevertheless, he good-naturedly tells his hearers that they need not burn the land-grabber's house over his head, or do him any personal injury. It is sufficient to avoid holding intercourse with him, in other words to "boycott" him. That the advice here given is practically carried out is shown by the fact that the various National League Committees vigorously denounce by name persons who have been guilty of the heinous offence of supplying milk to, or shoeing the horse of, a land-grabber. And what is the villainy of which these monsters are accused? It is this, that they are willing to take a farm from which the previous tenant has been evicted for non-payment of rent. Such traitorous conduct as this is, of course, totally reprehensible in the eyes of the Leaguers, who want altogether to extinguish rent, at all events as receivable by the present race of landowners. For it stands to reason that if the rural population generally can be scared from taking an evicted farm, the landlord may as well let the old tenant stop on, whether he can pay rent or not. This plan of procedure may be magnificent, but it is not business-like; and, if logically carried out, it would reduce society to a condition of barbarism, for there is no reason why it should be restricted to land-bargains only. Why should not the house-occupiers of England and Wales enter on a similar crusade, refuse to pay rent, and make life unbearable to any one who should venture to take their places?

M. LESSAR SPEAKS OUT.—Although some have occasionally questioned M. Lessar's veracity, no one can gainsay that, when he does give way to candour, he is a most entertaining informant. What could be better, in its way, than the divulgence he made the other day to the London correspondent of a Paris paper? As a matter of course, he used diplomatic diction, clouding his meaning in circumlocutory phrases such as Mr. Gladstone would have loved to hear. The interpretation is easy enough, however, to those who care to read between the lines. "Russia has given way for the moment"—thus might his winged words be para-

phrased—"because a Conservative Government had come into power in England, and another edition of the 'untoward incident' would be likely to result in war. Moreover, as she has secured a direct road to Herat, *via* Penjdeh and Ak-Robat, while she has obtained a position by which the eastern outlet from the Zulfikar Pass is completely masked, there is no occasion for her to run any risks. But"—unfortunately, the oracle became dumb at this interesting part of its utterance, leaving us to guess the use to which Russia will put her recently-acquired advantages when circumstances are more propitious. In that connection it may be profitable to note that the Transcaspian Railway is being hurried on at express speed, two miles of rail being laid *per diem*, while preparations for a line from Tashkend to Bokhara are in a forward state. When these two railways are finished, our rival will be able to move columns simultaneously against Herat and Balkh, there striking the two great roads which pass through Afghanistan to India. Even in the two months before the result of the General Election is known, the Transcaspian Railway should be completed as far as Askabad, which is quite near enough to the Afghan frontier to serve as a base of operations. We can well understand, therefore, that M. de Giers should wish to lull England to sleep, until he sees whether the sympathetic Liberals are restored to power. If they are, the railway will serve as a convenient means of coercion; if they are not, we shall probably hear a great deal about its commercial and civilising value.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND.—In his speech at Glasgow on Tuesday, Mr. Chamberlain had much to say about the proposed Disestablishment of the Scottish Church. His advice was that the question should not be made a test one at the approaching General Election, since it was hardly possible that it would be dealt with by the next Parliament. But he expressed ardent sympathy with the Nonconformists, and he seemed to have no doubt that the majority of the Scottish people are favourable to Disestablishment. It is by no means certain that the latter view is in accordance with facts. Twenty years ago it may have been true; but since that time a great change has passed over public opinion in Scotland. The present generation of Scotchmen think less than their fathers did about minute theological distinctions. Most of them hold that in the interpretation of dogma considerable latitude ought to be permitted to the clergy, that there is no reason why religious services should be monotonous and dreary, and that the chief object of Churches should be to work for the good of the poorest and humblest classes of the community. Now, of all the Churches in Scotland, the one which has most earnestly sought to adapt itself to the altered mood of the people is the Established Church. It has become more comprehensive and more energetic than any of its rivals, and the consequence is that it has obtained many new adherents, and has secured the goodwill of a large number of the members both of the Free Church and of the United Presbyterian Church. If, therefore, the Radical associations were to demand that all Liberal candidates should support a Bill for Disestablishment, it may be doubted whether their policy would be successful. They would alienate many an elector who on other questions is quite willing to vote with the Radical party.

THE ELSWICK AND OTHER STRIKES.—Most strikes are concerned with the great L. S. D. question. The men demand an amount of wages which the employers declare they cannot afford to pay; and then the men turn out, hoping that the inconvenience and loss caused by the cessation of business will bring the masters to their knees. As a rule, it is far more often the men who are brought to their knees; for, even with unionist allowances and subscriptions from other bodies of workmen, the pinch of bodily privation soon reaches them; whereas the employers (beyond the mental worry and annoyance) feel no personal inconvenience, and often indirectly profit by the strike, because it relieves the market from the congestion caused by too rapid production. Altogether, strikes are barbarous, tyrannical proceedings. They are barbarous, because they seek to get by force an advance which, if legitimate, would be obtained by the natural competition for labour; and they are tyrannical, because the striker, who is usually fortified by unionist funds, by his action forces into idleness a number of labourers who have no resource but the workhouse when credit at the shop is exhausted. The peculiarity of the Elswick strike is that it was caused by the unpopularity of a couple of managers. In the more rough-and-ready days of the last generation, the allegations against Messrs. McDonnell and Brown would have attracted little notice, and, on the old-fashioned principle that "discipline must be maintained," the directors would have publicly supported their subordinates, even if they had privately thought that they had acted injudiciously. However, in this case, the directors have offered to submit the dispute to a Board of Conciliation, and, as the men have, owing to the exertions of Mr. John Morley, accepted this proposal, it may be hoped that this foolish strike is at an end. The moral of the affair seems to be that the British workman is on the whole a most excellent worthy fellow, but in such matters as these he is apt to take his cue from men who in sterling qualities are not half so good as himself, but who possess plausible tongues. It will be a great mercy if the extended franchise fails to seat a large number of these ingenious gentry in the House of Commons.

THE INCIDENCE OF TAXATION.—No wonder that the "dismal science" has few votaries, when all its chief expounders are in open antagonism. A profane person once said that, if any one desired to educate himself in bad language, he could not do better than become a regular subscriber to one of the ponderous periodicals in which scientific folks discuss the matters they love. But these learned gentlemen are not in it, so far as flat contradiction goes, compared with our statisticians. On the interesting but somewhat husky question of the incidence of taxation, for instance, Professor Hunter takes one view, Professor Leone Levi another, Mr. Chamberlain an intermediate one, and so on. If we might accept the ruling of one school, the working classes must be paying about twice as much as they ought to the Imperial revenue. Scarcely is that tough morsel digested than the opposite faction prove to demonstration the general fairness of our present system of taxation. All this is profoundly puzzling to the public at large, and their minds are not at all cleared by a side battle between Professor Sedgwick and Professor Levi, on the one hand, against Mr. Giffen and Mr. Giffen on the other. As far as we can make out, those who maintain the fairness of our present fiscal arrangements have a good deal the best of the argument. Dr. Hunter's reasoning was marred by what looks like political bias, and Professor Levi certainly tripped him up cleverly in three or four instances. But neither of these learned pundits bestowed sufficient attention on what, to our way of thinking, is one of the most important factors in the case. When a workman is hard driven, he always has the power of retrenching in taxation by denying himself certain luxuries. But the payer of direct taxation is tied down to the stake in regard to that portion of his contribution to the revenue. We certainly think that this important difference should be duly weighed whenever the question of revising our revenue comes before Parliament.

EGYPT AND TURKEY.—Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's mission does not seem to have been attended by much success. The Turks are very anxious to learn the precise day when we propose to quit Egypt, but about other matters they are less eager. Their real opinion is that we have no right to be in Egypt at all, and that the best solution would be to hand over the country absolutely to their tender mercies. That we cannot do, and the result probably will be that they will decline to give us any effectual help. After all, why should England care very much about having the aid of Turkey? The task we have undertaken in Egypt is, no doubt, one of extreme complexity, as we know to our cost; but it ought not to be beyond the power of the nation which has established a well-ordered Empire in India. Had Mr. Gladstone acted with ordinary prudence after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt might soon have been made a prosperous country; and even now, if we were sure of the sympathy of the Central European Powers, we might hope at no very distant date to give the Egyptian people the advantage of institutions adapted to their actual needs. To allow Turkey to play a prominent part in the work we have to do would simply be to create new difficulties. Her existing rights must of course be guarded; but it would be a grave error to restore to her any of the powers of which she was deprived because of her inability or her unwillingness to make a good use of them. Fortunately, there is not much chance that any English Government will ever be tempted to give fresh vitality to the Turkish supremacy in Egypt. The Porte seems to be incapable of understanding the plainest signs of the times, and its demands in connection with this question are likely to be always inadmissible.

LIVERPOOL v. MANCHESTER.—There has always been a sort of antagonism between the two flourishing cities which lie on either side of the once treacherous quagmire called Chat Moss. It was not an exemplification of the old proverb that "two of a trade can never agree," for the commercial functions of the two towns were quite different, one was the importer of raw material, the other manufactured and distributed the same. Nevertheless the antagonism existed. It was shown in social matters. Invidious comparisons were drawn between "Manchester men" and "Liverpool gentlemen." Politically, too, the divergence was considerable, for while Liverpool was Conservative, with a Conservatism of a pronounced Ulster Orange type, Manchester was what Birmingham has since become—the exponent of advanced Radicalism. Then lately the antagonism, which had perhaps begun to slumber, has been reawakened by the demand of Manchester for a ship canal. A long and expensive struggle took place, and at last she has obtained the licence to make her canal. But, say the "Dicky Sams" scornfully, it will never pay. What does an inland town like Manchester want with a ship canal? A canal will not transform the city which stands on the broad and translucent waters of the Irwell into a sea-port. There is but one first-class sea-port in England, says Mr. Howard Livesey, and that is Liverpool. Nothing can oust her from her supremacy. Fleetwood has tried it, Barrow has tried it, and they have failed signally. So will Manchester. If these cheerful forecasts are correct, Liverpool may with equanimity watch Manchester pitching her money into the mud of the Mersey estuary. Possibly, however, the Liverpoolians do entertain some misgivings, although they speak so bravely. Anyhow, it is curious to note of how little avail constant intercourse is against local

THE GREENWICH RECONCILIATION.—If there are any whitebait in the river at Greenwich just now, they must be wagging their little tails with joy at the termination of the

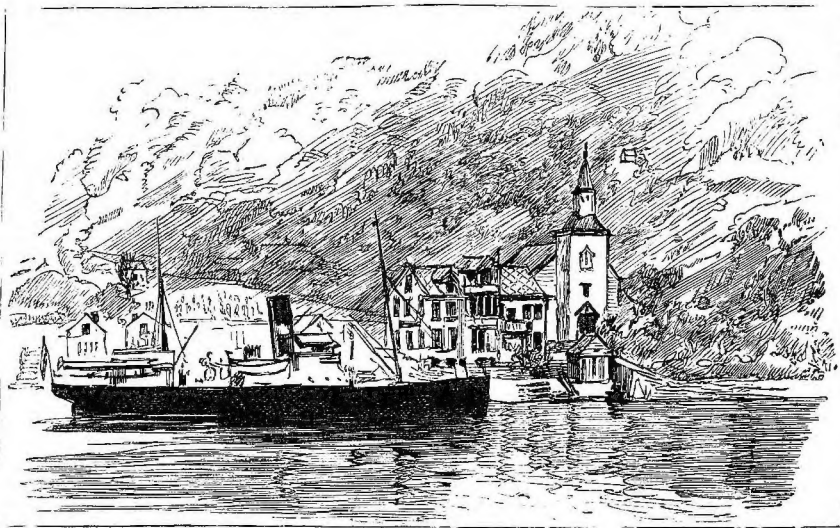


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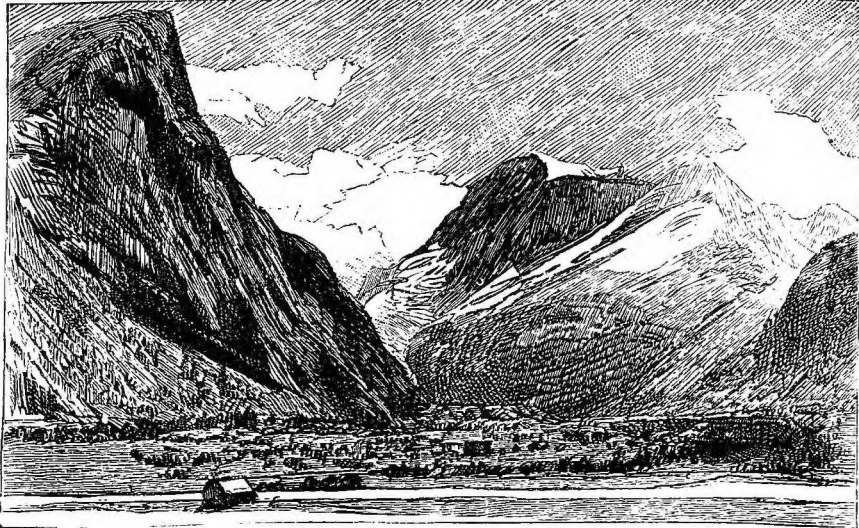
FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time Books, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, and any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices 25, Regent's Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate Circus Office.
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



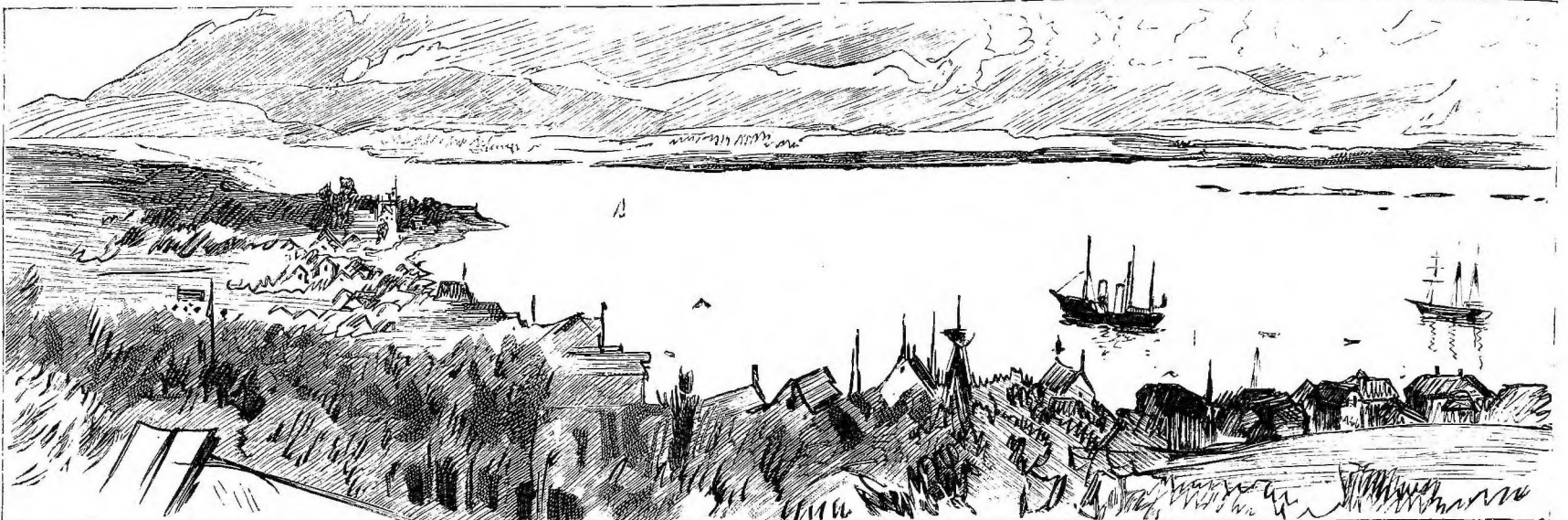
THE entertainment depicted in our engraving was given on the evening of Thursday, September 10th, in the New Hall, Beaconsfield, by Mr. E. L. Lawson; and the object of the gathering was to do honour to Lord Carrington, who, on October 22nd next, sails for Sydney on board the P. and O. steamer *Carthage*, to assume the governorship of New South Wales, in the place of Lord Augustus Fitzroy. The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos presided, and among the invited guests were the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Chesham, Lord Cottesloe, and the High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, besides a number of other distinguished persons, including the Agents-General for the several colonies of Australasia. In proposing Lord Carrington's health the Chairman pointed out that his experience in the Army, in the House of Lords, and in the House of Commons would be of great service to him in the duties which he was shortly to fulfil. In responding to the toast, Lord Carrington spoke of the greatness of the British Empire, which comprised nearly one-sixth of the land area of the globe, and reminded his hearers that the British lion no longer confronted his enemies alone, but was aided by strong, fierce, and well-grown cubs. This allusion to the recent Afghan Expedition from New South Wales aroused much applause. Lord Rosebery in his speech made some jocose remarks about the number of farewell banquets at which Lord Carrington had already been entertained, and expressed a hope that the new Governor



THE CHURCH, OLE PRESTEGARD'S INN, AND THE PIER AT ODDE

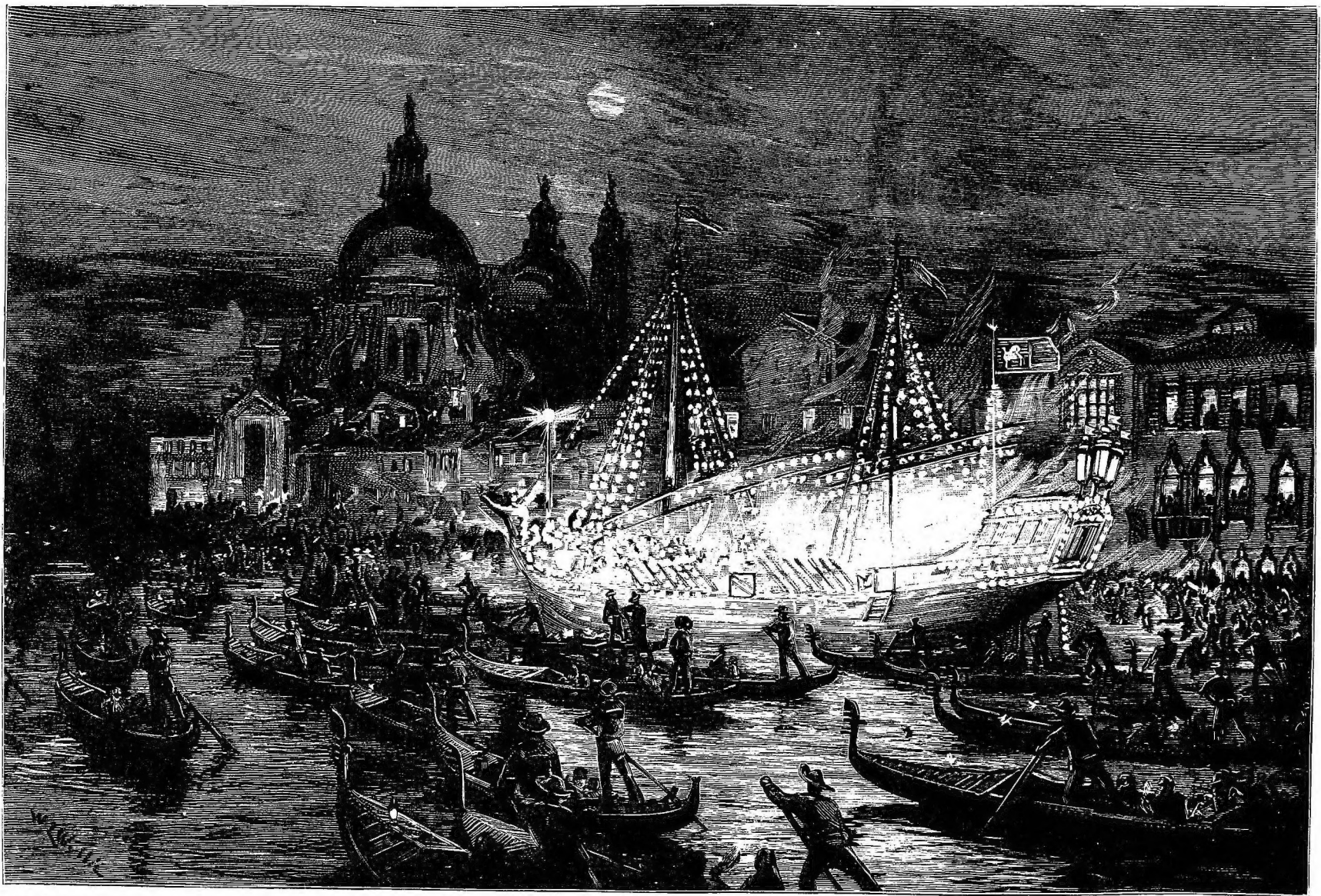


THE VALLEY OF SIRADALEN, AT THE HEAD OF THE EIKISFJORDSEREN

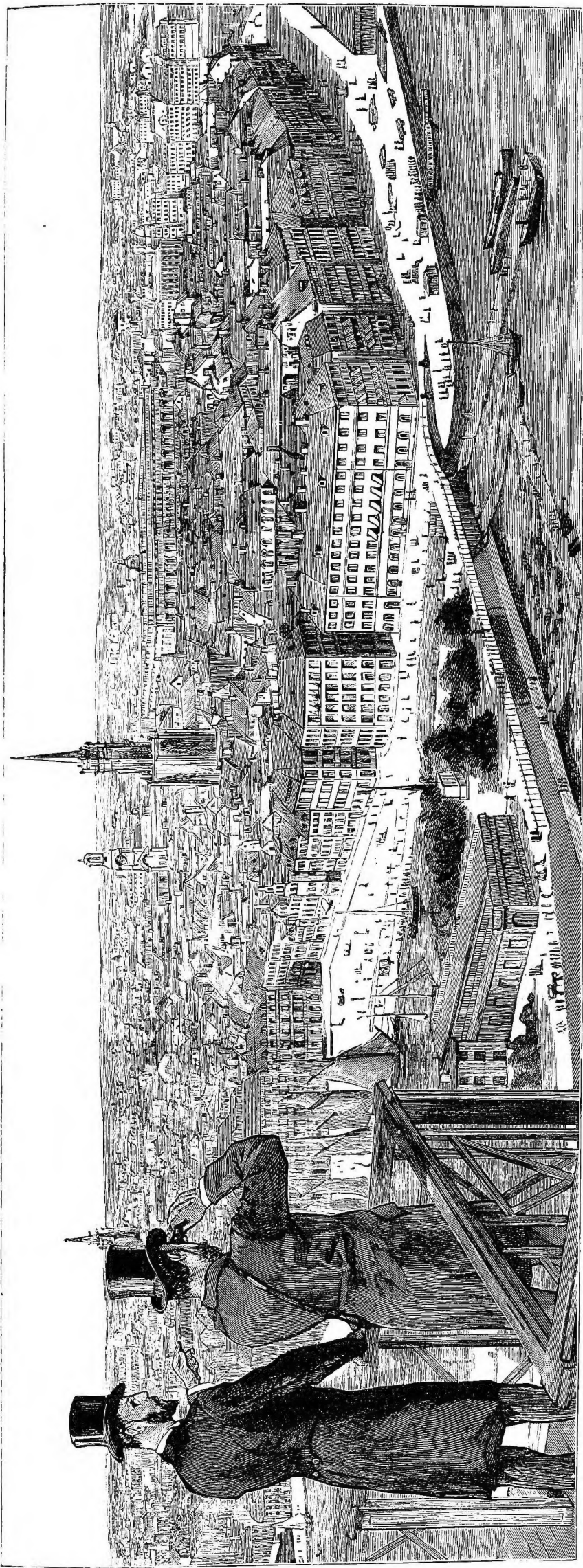


VIEW OF MOLDE WITH THE "OSBORNE" AND "SUNBEAM" AT ANCHOR

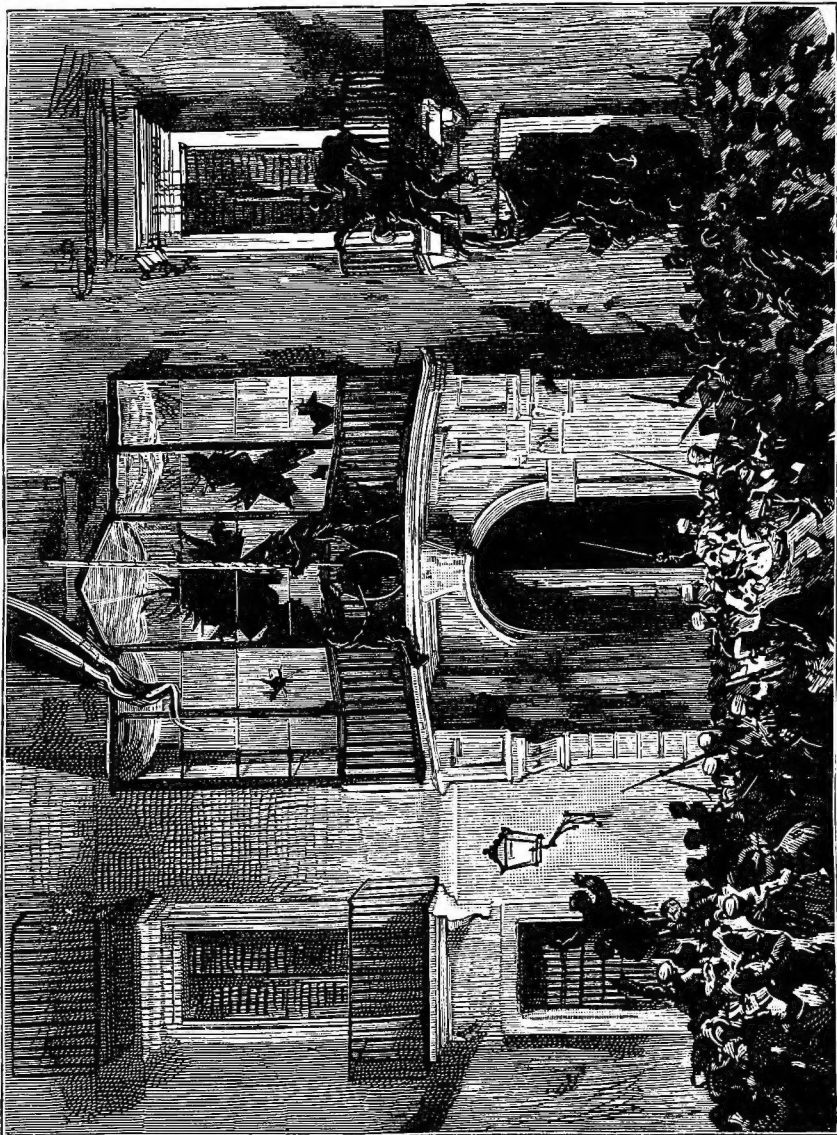
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY



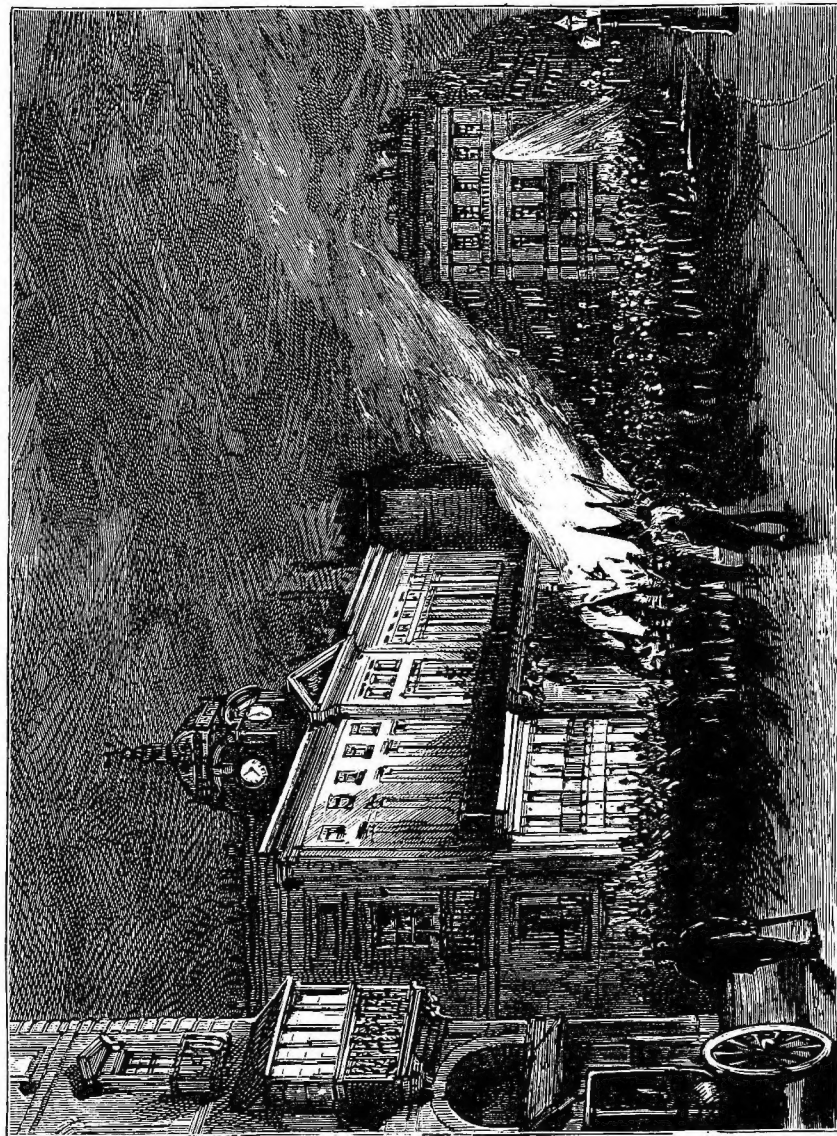
ILLUMINATION OF THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE, IN HONOUR OF THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW IRONCLAD. "FRANCESCO MOROSINI"



THE PRINCE OF WALES VIEWING THE CITY OF STOCKHOLM FROM THE MOSEBACKE ELEVATOR



THE MOB TEARING DOWN THE FLAG AT THE GERMAN LEGATION, MADRID



THE MOB BURNING THE ARMS OF THE GERMAN LEGATION IN THE PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID

would not arrive at the Antipodes with his digestion irreparably impaired. After enlarging on the question of Imperial Federation, Lord Rosebery observed that Lord Carrington would find that the interest which he took in agriculture and sport would conduce to make him a beloved and efficient Governor of New South Wales. He concluded with these words: "As we in England were recognising our duty by sending out to the colonies the best men we could as Governors, so the colonies were recognising that it was their duty to send here the best men they could as Agents-General."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN

OUR artist's sketches of the Prince of Wales's Scandinavian tour this week depict the pretty church at Odde, in the Sorfjord, where the Prince disembarked for his glacier excursion, the picturesque valley of the Siradalen, through which he drove as we depicted last week, and a view of Molde, one of the most charming fjordside towns in Norway. Molde lies on the Molde fjord, opposite both Veblungnaes, the starting place for the trip up the Romsdal Valley, and Vestnaes, the high road for Soholt and the Geiranger, so that it is a favourite resting place for tourists on their way to or from the North Cape, as the steamers put in to take on or put off passengers. Like most small Norwegian towns, Molde chiefly consists of one long street of wooden houses running parallel with the water; but the climate is singularly mild, and flowers, both wild and cultivated, of all kinds bloom in abundance, roses being particularly prolific. Behind the town is a small garden with a hill, the "Røkneshaug," laid out in walks, an easy stroll for invalids and children, and whence is a good view of the fjord, and the magnificent panorama of the mountains beyond. This mountain panorama is not unlike the view of the Bernese Alps from the Schweitzerhof at Neuhausen, or the Schanzli at Berne. For more enterprising walkers there is a height of 1,000 feet, the "Moldehei," whence a yet more extensive prospect can be obtained, while still more ambitious spirits can make an ascent of 3,000 feet to the "Stor Tuen," with comparative ease. The fjord is full of fish, and large cod, whiting, and haddock can be caught by merely dropping a line. Land and water excursions abound in every direction, the hotels are good and very cheap, and, unlike many other places in Norway, the food is not only abundant, but eatable. In fact, Molde is becoming more popular year by year, and is probably destined to be one of the most favourite watering-places in Norway.

From Molde the Prince went to Thronhjelm, and thence by rail to Stockholm, where he was met by the King and the Crown Prince, who entertained him right regally. There were a regular round of festivities, including numerous banquets, a wild swan shooting excursion, and a regatta of Swedish yacht clubs. This last took place on September 5th, and Mr. Hall's sketch shows the *Zuleika*, one of the yachts, passing under the stern of the Royal yacht *Drott*, with the owner, Mr. Seton, a Scotch gentleman, with his family and his friends standing up and saluting the Prince. The *Drott's* colours were duly dipped in answer, and the King, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince, and Prince Eugène returned the *Drott's* salute. Behind the Prince is Admiral Lagerkrantz, Commodore of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club, and the Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Van Ulter. In the evening there were illuminations and fireworks, and on the following Monday the Prince was entertained by the Royal Yacht Club at luncheon, the King proposing the health of Queen Victoria, and expressing a hope that the friendship between the two nations might never be impaired.

Apart from official entertainments the Prince visited all the lions of the Swedish capital, and did not neglect to enjoy the magnificent view of the city from the Mosebacke, a height reached by a steam lift. From a platform on the summit of the lift can be seen a panorama of the whole of Stockholm, from Lake Malaren on the left to the picturesque island of Djurgården on the right. Our view, however, extends on the right only as far as the National Museum. The large square block of buildings near the centre of the view is the Royal Palace.

FÊTE ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

THIS fete was held last month in honour of the launch of a new ironclad turret-ship. The Grand Canal was brilliantly illuminated, and one of the chief features of the festa was the towing down the Canal of a reduced model of the *Bucentaur*—the famous ancient galley of the Doges, with the historical Lion of St. Mark in its bows and a large figure bearing a branch for a figure-head. The whole ship, rigging, yards, and raised poop, was outlined with oil lamps. Three gilded lamps of old Venetian type crowned the stern, behind which projected a dragon's head. The lamps were green, red, and white—the Italian colours. Each gondola also carried a little lamp at the bow, while the windows of most of the palaces were illuminated. A band played on board the galley, which was followed down the Canal by two *galleganti*—illuminated rafts—each with its band.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. E. Prioleau Warren

THE ATTACK ON THE GERMAN LEGATION AT MADRID

WHEN it was definitely known in Madrid that Germany had determined to annex the Caroline Islands, and had actually hoisted her flag at Yap, immense excitement prevailed in the Spanish capital. Thus, on Saturday week, enormous crowds thronged the streets, shouting "Down with Germany!" and wended their way to the German Legation, where a hostile demonstration was held. Then a rush was made for the building, and some of the more daring spirits climbed up the front of the house, and tore down the German coat of arms and the Legation flag-pole, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the mob. The spoil was then carried to the great square, the Puerta del Sol, where are the chief Government buildings. There, opposite to the Ministry of the Interior, a bonfire was quickly made, and the German coat of arms burned to cinders. The mob then proceeded to the French Embassy, where the "Marseillaise" was enthusiastically sung, and finally, having expended its ardour, allowed itself to be dispersed by the troops. At one time, however, it is stated the soldiers were inclined to fraternise with the mob, and had they done so, Madrid might have been the scene of yet another revolution. Fortunately, however, their commander, the Captain-General of Madrid, Pavia, was staunch to his King, and order was restored for the night.

RETURN OF THE GUARDS FROM EGYPT

THE sight-loving portion of the population of Portsmouth were on Thursday, September 10th, kept in a continuous whirl of excitement by the almost simultaneous arrival of the hired transport *Poonah*, with the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards, of the *Orontes*, with the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards and the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, and also by the departure of the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards for Dublin, in the Indian troopship *Crocotile*. Neglecting the other contingents, let us direct our attention to the Grenadier Guards, as it is to them that our picture refers. Their disembarking strength numbered 11 officers, 34 non-commissioned officers, and 605 rank and file. A few were left behind sick in Egypt, while no less than 13 officers and 123 men had previously been invalided to England. These suggestive figures convey some idea of the waste caused by war, not so much from actual fighting as from climatic influences. The Grenadiers, who

wore their white helmets and khakee uniforms, were at once disembarked, and formed up two deep along the railway line. They were then sent by two special trains to Waterloo, where a great and enthusiastic crowd had assembled to welcome them home. Most of the men seemed in vigorous health, and they made no secret of their pleasure at returning home. They had brought with them all kinds of pets, birds of several descriptions, mostly of the parrot kind, and quadrupeds, such as dogs and monkeys. One soldier had a specimen Egyptian ass. Having got clear of Waterloo Station, the battalion marched through Stamford Street, over Westminster Bridge, up Great George Street, through Bird Cage Walk, and so to Wellington Barracks. The rain, which had begun to fall early in the evening, had become by this time a pitiless downpour, which caused the throng of spectators around the barracks speedily to melt away. The newly-arrived soldiers must have wished that they also could thus melt away; but "discipline must be maintained," and so these poor fellows, clad in the uniform designed to withstand tropical heat, were kept waiting a long time standing in the darkness and in the cold rain, until at last the welcome signal, "Dismiss," came. From a military point of view this method of proceeding may be strictly correct; but it makes the ignorant civilian who reads about it feel very indignant. He thinks that in such cases less "pipe-clay" and more common sense would be an improvement.

THE RECENT MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BIRMINGHAM

See page 326.

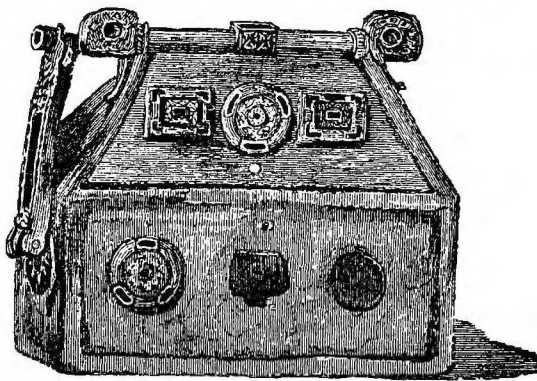
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT ABERDEEN

LAST year the British Association, for the first time in its existence, ventured across the ocean, and held its annual festival at Montreal, Canada. This year it fixed its temporary abode in the City of Aberdeen, the Metropolis of North-Eastern Scotland, and there, on September 9th, the fifty-fifth annual meeting was opened. Early in the day a Business Committee was held, with Lord Rayleigh, the retiring President, in the chair. The grand function took place in the evening at eight o'clock, when a crowded audience of some 2,500 persons assembled in the music hall to hear the address of the new President, Sir Lyon Playfair. Lord Rayleigh made a short speech, eulogising his successor, and then vacated the chair, which was taken by Sir Lyon Playfair. This is the incident depicted in one of our engravings. The new President then delivered his address, at the conclusion of which a vote of thanks to him was enthusiastically decreed. Setting aside the various addresses, of which full reports have been given in the daily papers, the chief events of Thursday, September 10th, were, in the afternoon, a visit to Keppelstone House on the invitation of Mrs. Macdonald, where, after tea, the large party of visitors had an opportunity of seeing the magnificent collection of paintings made by the late Mr. Macdonald, and a garden party at the residence of Mrs. Henderson. At night there was a *soirée* at the Art Gallery. This gathering afforded the subjects for our other two pictures, one representing the ladies' seat in the central gallery, the other the show of fuchsias. Saturday was devoted to excursions to Balmoral, Haddo House, and Drum Castle. Next year the Association is expected to meet at Birmingham, and in 1887 at Manchester.

ANCIENT CELTIC RELIQUARY

ORIGINALLY IN THE PRIORY AT MONYMUSK

"THIS RELIQUARY," says Mr. Joseph Anderson, Keeper of the British Association Museum at Aberdeen, "is a small oblong wooden box, the lid of which is in the form of a high-pitched roof with sloping gables. It measures 4¼ inches in length. It is cased outside with thin plates of bronze, which are inclosed in a framework of the same material. The covering plates on the front of the casket are of silver, and are highly ornamented with a series of patterns of interlaced work. This ornamentation is not shown in our engraving, which is from a hasty sketch. On the front of the casket and on the lid are several projecting ornaments enclosing plates of metal chased with interlacing designs. Each end of the



"THE BRECHBENNOCH"

Lent by Sir Francis W. Grant, Bart., of Monymusk, to the Museum of the British Association, Aberdeen

casket has been furnished with a hinged socket for a leathern strap, by which the casket could be conveniently suspended round the neck, when carried on the breast of the wearer, as was the Celtic custom. The casket is supposed to have been the Brechbennoch of St. Columba, one of the sacred *vexilla*, or battle ensigns, of the Scots. It was given to the monks of Monymusk by King William the Lion on the foundation of their monastery. When the monasteries were dissolved the relic became the property of Lord Forbes, one of whose family was the last Prior. In 1712 the lands of Monymusk were purchased by Sir Francis Grant, and the Reliquary still remains in the possession of his descendants.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

THE Caroline Islands, the proprietorship of which is the point of dispute between Germany and Spain, are a portion of that huge archipelago generally known by the name of Mikronesia, which lies north of the equator between New Guinea and Japan. The extent of the actual Caroline group is exceedingly ill defined, some geographers including all the chain of islands extending some 2,000 miles—the Pellew, Yap, Maletots, Ulie, Harveis, Hogolen, Pescadores, and the Marshalls. Others confine the Carolines to about fifty islets extending westward to the Philippines, on the east to the Marshalls, on the north to the Ladrone, and on the south to the New Britain Isles. Our sketches of Ualau (or Kersai) and Ponapé Islands will show the chief features of these islands. We learn from Wallace's "Australasia" that Ualau is about eight miles long and seven wide, very rugged, and rising to a height of 2,000 feet. It is covered with forest, the lower lands mainly bearing fruit trees. The climate is excessively moist, and the vegetation very luxuriant. Ponapé is larger, being fourteen miles long, by twelve wide, and its highest mountain is 2,858 feet high. It is also thickly wooded, and has a population of about 5,000 inhabitants. A coral reef extends round the island at about three miles from the shore, with seven openings, forming a number of excellent harbours. The climate is equable,

the total range of the thermometer during three years being 19 deg., the mean temperature being 80¼ deg. In one of the harbours there are some exceedingly interesting ruins formed of enormous basaltic columns—the stone for which must have been conveyed a considerable distance. By whom these buildings were built is a puzzle to ethnologists. Ponapé is the next largest island to Yap, which is not a single island, but a group of islands lying close together, fringed with coral reefs, and rising occasionally to a height of several hundred feet above the sea. The inhabitants of the Carolines are a fine-looking race of the Polynesian and Papuan type, but vary considerably as regards their character in the various islands. As in all the Pacific islands, the various tribes are constantly at war with each other. At Ponapé and Ualau the Americans have had mission stations from 1802—the only other Protestant mission for many years being the Samoan branch of the London Missionary Society. With regard to the Spanish claims that the Jesuits have had their establishments there, the missionaries state that absolutely no Roman Catholic mission ever took root in these archipelagoes, and that the Protestant missions do not recollect since their arrival any visit of Spanish missionaries, traders, or even ships at all. Only in the last few years have German traders established any footing in the Carolines, though their ships began to appear ten years ago. Until then whalers were almost the only visitors. The original discovery of the islands, however, is certainly due to Portuguese and Spanish navigators about 1525 or 1543, but no effort has subsequently been made by Spain to establish any sovereignty there.

THE RIVER LEA

See page 323.

"THE KING BREAKS MANY HEARTS"

THE professional soldier has probably always been what he remains to-day—a dangerous, or at all events an unsatisfactory person with whom to fall in love. He comes, he sees, he conquers, and then he is ordered off somewhere else by Royal command. There is weeping and wailing and waving of kerchiefs as these are the words of the song—"He loves—and he rides away," while a general impression prevails, at all events among parents and guardians, that he recovers more speedily from the fitful fever of love than does the unhappy fair one. Constancy, as regards the male sex, is a rare gift; and the soldier-lover, who thus goes forth, is apt to seek, and also to find, consolation in other pairs of eyes. It is of some comfort to think that matters were probably worse a hundred years ago, at the period represented in Mr. Frank Cox's drawing. There were then no cheap and speedy postal facilities, no electric telegraphs, no railways, no lines of stately steamers. Too often when the soldier kissed his sweetheart at one of these farewells he passed, as far as she was concerned, into an invisible world.

"THE SECRET"

THE idea conveyed in this powerful picture has often been expressed both in verse and prose. The supreme moment has come, when the soul is about to quit its earthly tenement; and although in many cases as death approaches the mental faculties are blunted and weakened by the ravages of bodily pain and disease, in others they seem to acquire an almost preternatural power. Memory reasserts itself with a startling clearness and force; misdeeds long since committed and almost forgotten by lapse of time leap forth into hideous life; and it is then that the agonised patient whispers into the ear of his spiritual adviser some terrible secret which hitherto he has stifled in silence.

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 329.

A PLEASURE TRIP AMONG THE PACIFIC ISLANDS

CAPTAIN COOK, the great navigator, would indeed have been surprised if he could have foreseen that, little more than a century after his discoveries in the South Seas, New Zealand would be a colony of such wealth and leisure that pleasure trips would be organised by the inhabitants for the purpose of visiting some of the lovely groups of tropical islands lying to their northwards. This was actually done last year. During the antipodal winter, which forms the most favourable season for visiting these abodes of the sun, the very enterprising Union Steamship Company of New Zealand despatched one of their steamers, the *Wairarapa*, on a four weeks' trip to the following islands of the South Sea; viz., the Fiji group, the Navigator Islands (Samoa), and the Friendly Islands (Tonga). Immediately on her return to Auckland she was sent back on a second trip. Mr. A. H. Burton, of the firm of Burton Brothers, Dunedin, New Zealand, went on both trips, and the firm have recently published a series of photographs from the negatives which he then took. Some of these photographs are, by the permission of Messrs. Burton, reproduced in our engravings, and the sight of them may induce some of our readers, who have the leisure and the means, to indulge in an excursion which probably presents fewer physical hardships than did the tour in the Hebrides when it was undertaken by Dr. Johnson. The first of the before-mentioned trips was only a partial success, owing to a case of measles which occurred among the crew. The inhabitants of Samoa and Tonga, remembering the terrible mortality caused by measles in Fiji just after the islands were placed under British protection, forbade the passengers to land. The second trip was an entire success in every way, and Mr. Burton published as the result of his labours a series of 230 photographic views, taken wherever the *Wairarapa* touched on either trip. "Any one viewing this series," says the *Otago Daily Times*, will "acquire a far more exact and familiar knowledge of Levuka, Taviani, Samoa, Vavau, &c., than after reading pages of graphically written description. He will form a truer idea of the wild magnificence of tropical verdure, of the scenery, beautiful, but little varying, and of the different native races that live and labour together on some of these islands."



MR. GLADSTONE is still suffering from hoarseness; but his general health is completely restored. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Hutton, one of the editors of the *Spectator*, have been among his guests at Hawarden this week. Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., and Mrs. Broadhurst lunched at Hawarden on Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Mr. Broadhurst is Secretary to the Parliamentary Committee of the Associated Trades Unions, and addressing this week Mr. Gladstone's neighbours and followers, the Liberals of Chester, he predicted that "British Liberals would refuse to be crushed by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Parnell," and that "all patriotic Tories would join the Liberals against such an alliance."

MR. W. E. FORSTER, M.P., is making favourable progress towards recovery.

IN A PUBLISHED ADDRESS to the electors of the new borough of Hampstead, for which he seems to be the accepted Liberal candi-

date, the Marquis of Lorne repeats his previous declaration in favour of the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland. Among the other more noticeable items of his programme are gratuitous education, and a change in the constitution of the House of Lords by the infusion into it of elected members.

AT GLASGOW on Tuesday Mr. Chamberlain delivered to a crowded and enthusiastic audience an address much less defiant in its tone than that of his speech at Warrington last week. Various causes may have contributed to produce this change, but the only one which the speaker assigned for the somewhat novel emphasis with which he recommended Liberal union was the necessity for a united front, in view of what he called the possibility of the new, he would almost say the unnatural, combination between the traditional defenders of the Constitution and the irreconcilable opponents of the unity and integrity of the Empire. Speaking in a country where the question of Disestablishment threatens to divide the Liberal party, he advised the Scotch Liberals not to make the profession of a desire for the Disestablishment of the Scotch Kirk an indispensable test and condition of support. At the same time he declared himself to be in principle a staunch Liberalist, and more than ever he intimated his hope and belief that at some future time the endowments of the English and Scotch Churches would be applied to aid in the execution of his scheme for rendering education gratuitous throughout the United Kingdom. He reiterated the other points of his familiar programme, and, in answer to the charge that the purchase of land by local authorities for the benefit of the agricultural labourer would entail heavy burdens on the ratepayers, he referred to the financial success of Lord Carrington's experiment of letting at fair rents on his Buckinghamshire estate one-acre allotments. The future problem of statesmen, Mr. Chamberlain said, was to answer these two questions: How can we increase the material resources of the poor? and, How can we enlarge their opportunities of enjoyment?

ON WEDNESDAY, Mr. John Morley spoke at Clapton in support of Mr. Charles Russell's candidature for South Hackney. Referring to Lord Hartington's last speech, he said somewhat cruelly that a wet blanket does not make a very good ensign of battle. But Mr. Morley derived comfort from the fact that in a passage of that speech, left unreported by the *Times*, Lord Hartington admitted that experiments of a kind from which he did not expect much advantage would be tried, and he cordially agreed with other members of his party in believing that they should be tried. Addressing, on the same day, a Conservative gathering at Gloucester, Mr. Plunket, the new First Commissioner of Works, compared Mr. Gladstone between Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain to Captain Macheath between the two rival charmers, singing "How happy could I be with either." Referring to Mr. Chamberlain's declaration against the Repeal of the Union, he recapitulated the series of concessions made by that gentleman when in office to Mr. Parnell, and pronounced the legislative independence of Ireland to be the inevitable result of Mr. Chamberlain's own pet scheme of an Irish National Council.

ON WEDNESDAY, too, at a public meeting of the Cape merchants and others interested in South Africa, held in the City, the Lord Mayor presiding, resolutions were carried protesting against the recall of Sir Charles Warren from Bechuanaland. The Lord Mayor and Sir W. M'Arthur, M.P., were among the speakers.

THE LIBERAL PARTY, according to its organs, is confronted by the danger which weakened it at the General Election of 1874, the number of competing candidates for the same constituencies from its ranks, with the possible result of the success of Conservative candidates through the divisions of their opponents. According to one estimate made by an alarmed Liberal, if the competing candidates of his party now in the field should go to the poll, the result may be a loss to it of thirty-eight seats, counting seventy-six votes on a division. It seems that out of fifty-eight boroughs in the Metropolis alone there are fourteen single-membered constituencies with more than one Liberal candidate in each.

LORD CARNARVON has been continuing his Viceregal progress through Ulster, receiving congratulatory addresses and replying to them with overflowing amiability. What is more novel, his policy of conciliation has at last met with Nationalist recognition if only from Mr. Biggar, who at a meeting on Sunday at Mirringtown, near Wexford, expressed himself gratified that it was being held in place of one proclaimed by a former Government. It was a great compliment paid to them by the present Government, which, so far as their short experience of it went, was immeasurably superior to its predecessor, to be allowed to show that they were able to assemble in a thoroughly peaceable manner to discuss the topics of the day. Fully to understand Mr. Biggar's gratitude it must be added that a meeting in the same place was proclaimed by Lord Spencer, because it was to be held for the purpose of denouncing these so-called "land-grabbers." On Sunday not only was one of Mr. Biggar's "topics of the day" the criminality of these delinquents, but their effigies with their names affixed were hung on the trees in the vicinity of the platform, and at the close of the proceedings were set on fire, the fragments being afterwards kicked about the field by the crowd.

THE ABERDEEN MEETING of the British Association, one of fairly average interest, came to a close on Wednesday. Their scientific dryness has been relieved by the reading of papers, and by discussions, on subjects of general interest, such as the ascent of Rorataima, New Guinea, Antarctic discovery, the electric light, Fair Trade, and the incidence of taxation. On Tuesday, in the Biological Section, Sir John Lubbock made some interesting remarks on canine intelligence, in which he gave an account of his experiments in teaching dogs to read. In the anecdotal conversation which followed a story was told of a dog belonging to what must have been a vehemently Liberal family, since it had taught him to howl at the mention of the late Opposition, and to exhibit satisfaction at that of the late Government.

AT THE CLOSING MEETING of the Trades Union Congress it was resolved that, in consequence of the increasing amount of unemployed labour throughout the country, the Parliamentary Committee should be instructed to induce the Government to bring in a Bill fixing at a maximum of eight hours the day's labour of all workers in the employment of the State and of public bodies, and that the eight hours' system should be generally adopted. A resolution was also carried protesting against the introduction of military drill into Board Schools as intended to "prepare the way for the pernicious Continental system of conscription."

THE STRIKE at the Elswick Works of Sir William Armstrong and Co. is virtually over, a large majority of the 5,000 men who went "out" having voted for the acceptance of the terms offered by the Directors. This result is partly due to the active mediation of Mr. John Morley, M.P.

THE GREAT STRIKE at Oldham still continues, comparatively few of the operatives having availed themselves of the opening of the mills one morning this week, in order that those who chose to accept the terms of the masters might have an opportunity of returning to work. Some of those who did so return have been mobbed and molested as "knobsticks," and had to seek the protection of the police.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-ninth year, of Henry, third Baron Dunally; in his seventy-sixth year, of Dr. William Guy, successively Professor of Forensic Medicine in, and Physician to, King's College Hospital, long a zealous labourer

in the field of sanitary reform and social science generally, the author of several well-known works, among them "The Principles of Forensic Medicine," and editor of Hooper's "Physician's Vade Mecum;" in his sixty-fifth year, of Dr. MacDowell, one of the most eminent physicians of Dublin, who held among other offices that of Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland; in his seventy-fifth year, of the Rev. Frederick Anson, since 1845 Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, eldest son of the late Very Rev. F. Anson, Dean of Chester, and cousin of the late Earl of Lichfield; of Dean Williams, of Graham's Town, South Africa; in his ninetieth year, of the Rev. Samuel Dewe, one of our oldest beneficed clergymen, for nearly half a century Rector of Kingsdown, near Farnham, Kent; of the Rev. Dr. Logan Aikman, of Glasgow, Moderator of the United Presbyterian Synod; suddenly, in her seventy-first year, of Mrs. Edwards, proprietress of the Hand Hotel, Llangollen, in her youth a celebrated Welsh beauty, said to have been the heroine of the once popular ditty, "The Maid of Llangollen;" in his sixty-eighth year, of General Sir Alfred Horsford, Colonel Commandant of the Rifle Brigade, a general officer of much military distinction, and very popular in the army, which he entered more than half a century ago. He commanded a battalion of the Rifle Brigade in the Caffre Wars of 1846 and 1852, and at the Battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, in that and other commands distinguishing himself greatly during the Indian Mutiny Campaigns. He had held the appointments of Deputy Adjutant-General, of Commander in the South-Eastern District of England, and of Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief. The funeral takes place to-day in Kensal Green Cemetery.



OUR playwrights have begun to perceive that the scenic artist and the stage mechanic, though very important functionaries, are not competent in themselves to secure a safe success. Neither will a mere succession of what are known as "sensations" fulfil the requirements of a modern romantic drama. There must be a story that wins the sympathies, and affords at least reasonable excuse for the scenic effects, which, if not the main thing, are still in the eye of the modern playgoer indispensable features. The new play by Messrs. Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris, brought out at Drury Lane with the title of *Human Nature*, is constructed with a skilful eye to these conditions. The tale of the persecutions endured by the unfortunate wife of the too credulous Captain Temple at the hands of a little knot of conspirators, presents in its essentials no great novelty; but it is one which in competent hands rarely fails to move. Its pathos on this occasion lies in the long struggle of the mother to protect her child from the machinations of her enemies, including an unscrupulous lawyer, who, having a large interest at stake dependent upon the child's death, places it in the custody of a rascally baby-farmer and his wife. The rescue of the child from these twain, and again from the clutches of the mother's pursuers, who are armed with the authority of a decree of the Divorce Court depriving her of the custody of the child, are really powerful dramatic scenes; they would be probably too painful for the dramatists' purposes but for the care that is taken to relieve them with the humours of a comic and benevolent lawyer's clerk, very successfully impersonated by Mr. Harry Nicholls. It is no small part of the merit of the play that these lighter traits are not mere arbitrary grafts, but essential parts of the story. The effect of the earnest and touching acting of Miss Isabel Bateman as the mother, together with that of the singularly clever little girls Miss Maud Fisher and Miss K. Barry, is rather heightened than otherwise by the introduction of these lighter elements. It may no doubt be said with some truth that the determination to introduce scenes in the Soudan, followed by the singularly animated representation of the return of the Guards and the march through Trafalgar Square, is more obvious than the relevancy of these episodes. There is, indeed, no pretence of excuse for them beyond the circumstance that, while his semi-divorced wife is suffering these persecutions at home, her husband is supposed to have been ordered on foreign service. Audiences, however, do not look into matters of this sort very closely. Captain, afterwards Major, Temple in the manly person of Mr. Henry Neville becomes at least a very popular personage. The picturesque scene of the zebra, followed by the relief of the garrison of the beleaguered city, and again by the scene at the Wells, were fully applauded. It is in this latter scene that the Major meets in deadly combat his old enemy, Paul de Vigne, the traducer of his wife, and now a renegade serving under the banner of the Mahdi. De Vigne, as our readers have probably already heard, is supposed to have been suggested by Olivier Pain, but this supposed identification must not be taken too seriously. Certainly there is no just ground for representing the mysterious correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* as the abject coward whom Mr. J. G. Grahame represents with so large a measure of whining and grovelling. We need hardly say that in the end Mrs. Temple's honour is abundantly vindicated, and husband, wife, and child are restored to their old state of peace and happiness. We must not omit to give credit to Mr. F. Thorne and Miss Claremont, who play their respective parts as the baby-farmer and his wife with remarkable force and sincerity. *Human Nature* undoubtedly interests; and, as it also pleases the eye in no slight degree, its success may be regarded as assured.

THE VAUDEVILLE Theatre has re-opened with Mr. Hurst's farcical comedy entitled *Loose Tiles*, in which Mr. Thomas Thorne and Miss Kate Rorke resume their former parts, in association with Miss Larkin, Miss Kate Phillips, and other members of the company.

Cousin Johnny, at the STRAND, is now preceded by an episodic sketch, based on the Dotheboys Hall incident in *Nicholas Nickleby*. It was very favourably received.

Mr. Wills's little play entitled *A Young Tramp*, written for Mrs. Langtry, and intended to be produced at the PRINCE'S Theatre in London, has finally been brought out at the PRINCE'S Theatre at Bristol. The appearance of Mrs. Langtry in smock frock and breeches appears to have delighted her admirers; but beyond this the performance does not seem to have awakened any very strong interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are, we understand, contemplating a professional tour in the United States, though the date has not as yet been arranged. That they would be received with a warm welcome across the Atlantic is certain.

Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree are now playing in *The Magistrate*, at the COURT Theatre, the parts originally represented by Mr. Arthur Cecil and Miss Marion Terry, who are taking a short holiday.

The painful quarrel between Mr. H. Hermann and Mr. H. A. Jones has taken the form of letters in the public journals. Mr. Jones's statement reduces Mr. Hermann's claims to the hitherto undisputed honour of being joint author of *The Silver King* to almost vanishing point. Mr. Hermann, on the other hand, affirms that Mr. Jones, whose claims have been proclaimed in every playbill and public announcement, "did not invent a single scene, idea, situation, or point of the story or plot, except of the most trifling kind."



ANOTHER AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION will be held in London in April.

MUSHROOM HUNTING is King Humbert of Italy's favourite rural pastime just now. While staying at his country seat at Monza, the King may invariably be seen in the woods after a shower industriously gathering mushrooms.

BABIES BEGIN TO WORK EARLY in the German Breisgau. Children's Employment Offices exist in the district, where tiny mites scarcely out of infancy are taught to sew the buttons on shirts at the large price of one pfennig per gross—i.e., not half a farthing.

TWO FRESH DEPARTMENTS of the NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM at South Kensington are now open to the public—the gallery of fishes and the pavilion of the osteological department. There are some fine skeletons of elephants in the latter section.

THE COLOSSAL BARTHOLOMI LIBERTY STATUE presented by the French to the United States is to be matched by a counter memorial offered by the Americans. It is proposed to present France with a monster bronze statue of Washington, occupying an elaborate pedestal carved with *bas-reliefs* of the early Franco-American missionaries, and Generals Lee and Grant. This statue would be placed in front of the Paris Panthéon.

ROBINSON CRUSOE will soon be commemorated by a fine bronze statue at his prototype's birthplace, the fishing village of Largo, in Fife. This village was the early home of Alexander Selkirk, who returned there from Juan Fernandez, bringing the relics of his solitary stay on that desolate island. His house, "Crusoe's Cottage," is now shown in the square near the sea, and some time ago still contained Selkirk's gun and sea-chest. Now the Crusoe statue is to be placed in a niche of the cottage.

THE CAROLINE DISPUTE BETWEEN SPAIN AND GERMANY has created quite a lucrative petty industry in Madrid. Scraps of the carbonised remains of the shield and mast torn from the German Legation during the late popular demonstration are being eagerly bought up as precious relics; and, indeed, enough semi-burnt wood—supposed to be the remains of the shield—has been sold to fill a good-sized cart as fuel. One enthusiastic patriot has framed his charred morsel on a white satin ground, and added a suitable inscription.

EXTRAVAGANT STAGE DISPLAY is for the future to be severely discouraged by the best French dramatic authors, who are beginning to think that of late the value of their work has been somewhat eclipsed by its gorgeous setting. M. Alexandre Dumas set the example of theatrical simplicity in his last piece, *Dénise*, and now M. Sardou refuses to allow any elaborate *mise-en-scène* for his forthcoming winter production at the Vaudeville. This is rather a change from M. Sardou's excessive care for the magnificence of *Théodora*.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF MUSIC ON THE APPETITE has been minutely observed by the manager of the refreshment department at some classical concerts at Chicago, U.S. Wagner creates a demand for lager beer, Strauss so exhilarates the hearers that they call out for champagne, and Mendelssohn takes away the appetite altogether, "for," says the manager, "on Mendelssohn nights nobody wants any ham sandwiches; and, as I make 85 per cent. out of them, I guess I don't think much of Mr. Mendelssohn."

A CURIOUS CARVING OF THE TEMPTATION AND FALL has been unearthed during the excavations at the Roman Bath at Bath. It is a fair-sized stone, covered with incised carving, showing a spreading tree entwined by a serpent; and two figures, a man reclining on a bank, and a woman standing upright to reach something from the tree. According to a correspondent of the *Bath Herald*, this is the first ancient relic found in Bath of a Christian, or rather, Biblical character, and is the only important one of a similar character found in Britain. Various Roman remains were dug up close by.

THE CATS OF DUBLIN have been in great request this week, and many a loving mistress has bewailed her pet tabby. On Monday an advertisement appeared in a Dublin paper asking for cats to export to New Zealand at a price of 1s. apiece for kittens and 2s. for full-grown cats, to be brought to Kingstown that evening. Numbers of young Paddies set to work to steal all the cats they could find, and in the evening over 150 people gathered at the Kingstown Pier with cats and kittens of every age and colour. They waited long for the advertiser, and finally discovered that the advertisement was a hoax.

THE LATE CANADIAN REBELLION has not been altogether unprofitable to the North-Western Province. Setting aside the misery and disaster caused to a small fraction of the population, the majority of the settlers have made a great deal of money by letting out their teams at a high figure for freighting purposes. Provisions of all kinds were eagerly bought up for the troops, and the Government spent considerable sums in the district, while, though immigration ceased temporarily, many settlers consider that the outbreak made the region better known, and will attract emigrants in the future, now that extra precautions are being taken for the general safety.

SIXPENNY TELEGRAMS will be duly introduced on October 1st. Twelve words may be sent for 6d., including the name and address of sender and receiver, and ½d. will be charged for each additional word. Even when senders do not want to telegraph their addresses to the receiver, they must still write the address in a special space on the back of the form for the benefit of the telegraph officials. In future compound names of towns and villages will be counted as one word only—such, for instance, as Malvern Wells—five figures will be reckoned as a word, instead, as at present, each figure standing as a separate word, and the London district initials—such as N.W. or E.C.—will also count as one word only.

LONDON MORTALITY again decreased last week, and 1,221 deaths were registered, against 1,238 during the previous seven days, a decline of 17, being 228 below the average, and at the rate of 15.6 per 1,000, a lower rate than in any week on record. These deaths included 3 from small-pox, 25 from measles (a fall of 21), 15 from scarlet fever (a rise of 1), 22 from diphtheria (an increase of 6), 39 from whooping-cough (a rise of 9), 1 from typhus fever, 12 from enteric fever (an increase of 4), 1 from continued fever, and 62 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 21). Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 175, an increase of 16, and were 9 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 48 deaths, 35 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 4 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Twelve cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,330 births registered, against 2,538 the previous week, being 357 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 56.3 deg., and 2.3 deg. below the average. Rain fell on six days of the week to the aggregate amount of 1.93 inches. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 21.1 hours, against 24.0 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS FROM THE SOUDAN--THE THIRD GRENADIERS PASSING OVER WESTMINSTER BRIDGE



The dispute between GERMANY and SPAIN still remains the chief disquieting element in Europe. Germany last week replied to the Spanish protest by pointing out that German subjects, presuming that no one laid claim to the ownership of the Carolines, had formed settlements there, and had accordingly requested the protection of the Empire. Indeed, the only other interests involved in that region are British, Spain having no representatives whatever. Moreover the Anglo-German protest of 1875 against Spain exercising control over the Carolines had not been answered by the Spanish Government. Germany however was quite willing to examine the Spanish claims, and if these were found impracticable to refer the matter to arbitration. To this Spain has replied in another Note, the delivery of which however was delayed until formal diplomatic apologies had been tendered for the insult to the German Legation at Madrid. In Spain the excitement, though not so apparent as last week, has lost nothing in intensity, and is fanned both by Republicans and Carlists. The only man who seems to be keeping his head is the King, who has roundly declared that he will not go to war even if it costs him his throne, and consequently he is exceedingly unpopular at the present moment. Both the Army and Navy—especially the latter—are in a state of suppressed ferment, and the action of General Salamanca in sending back his German decoration is popularly applauded. The officers are indignant that the despatches from the Spanish Viceroy at Manila have not been published, and many Admirals and officers of high rank have threatened to resign if the truth of the whole matter is not made public, and the characters of the naval commanders cleared from the imputation of cowardice. A strong Republican and Socialist feeling exists among the lower classes in Madrid, and wishes are openly expressed for the expulsion of all German subjects, beginning with the "Uhlans" at the Palace. Meanwhile the Cabinet is busy suppressing newspapers and preventing Opposition provincial journals from entering the capital, and is doing its best to tranquillise the Army and Navy by official assurances that a full investigation is being made into the circumstances of the Yap affair, and the part played in it by the Spanish war vessels. England's evident determination to support Germany in the question has naturally not improved the feeling towards this country, and our attitude is looked upon as a *quid pro quo* for the recent failure of commercial negotiations. Abroad there is a general feeling that a peaceful settlement is certain, while rumours are in the air of a possible Pacific Ocean Conference, after the model of that recently held to settle the boundaries of Equatorial Africa.

In FRANCE the electoral campaign is now in full swing. M. Clémenceau has replied to M. Brisson's moderate programme by offering a very advanced platform to his supporters. His programme includes the revision of the Constitution by a special Assembly, the suppression of the Senate and the Presidency of the Republic, the organisation of one permanent Assembly for three years for the conduct of general business—all questions of peace and war, however, to be submitted to the nation at large. There are to be communal autonomy for provincial France, an elective magistracy, the abandonment of military adventure and conquest, a progressive income tax, the suppression of any inheritance from a collateral relation, the goods of any man dying childless to revert to the State; and a whole budget of reforms for the working classes. Still more extreme programmes are enunciated by the various Communist and Anarchist demagogues who are continually holding meetings in Paris; but the great majority of Frenchmen are far more interested in the utterances of the more moderate spirits, and particularly so in those of the partisans of the present Cabinet and those of M. Jules Ferry, between whom the main contest will lie. M. Alain Targé, the Minister of the Interior, who was Finance Minister in Gambetta's short-lived Cabinet, has followed M. Brisson in a studiously moderate speech—going a little further than his chief with regard to the Church and State question, but supporting him in all main points. He warmly advocates the establishment of an income tax, quoting the example of England, and while declaring that the Cabinet would in no way interfere in the elections, plainly states that if any one put himself forward as a Pretender, he would not hesitate to employ the means of defence belonging to all governments, and would make the soil of the Republic respected. Beyond electioneering items there is very little news of outside interest, save for the military manoeuvres in the North-west, which have been highly successful. They have been of special interest this year owing to the plan of campaign being the holding in check of a supposed German army marching through Belgium. The ground chosen is that on which General Faidherbe, with the Army of the North, resisted General Manteuffel in 1870. Numerous foreign officers were present, including the German military *attaché*, who naturally took great interest in the proceedings, and complimented General Billot very highly on the marching of the artillery. A German general, his aide-de-camp, and his two sons have been arrested near Belfort, and conducted over the frontier for too closely scanning the fortifications of that famous stronghold. From Tonkin we hear that General de Courcy has placed Prince Chank Mong, the adopted son of Tu Duc, on the throne of Annam. He is only twenty-three years of age.

The cholera is still on the decrease in SOUTHERN FRANCE and in SPAIN. The deaths on Wednesday at Marseilles numbered four; in Toulon there was one on Tuesday, but none on Wednesday; and in Spain on Tuesday the cases numbered 981, and the deaths 364. At Aix Mgr. Forcade, the Archbishop, died of the disease on Saturday. In ITALY, save at Parma and Palermo, the epidemic does not appear to be making any noteworthy progress.

In AUSTRIA the Emperor has been attending the army manoeuvres at Pozsega, where also he has received deputations from Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. One from the latter province, composed of Mahometans, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, and Jews, has attracted universal attention by begging the Emperor to visit the country—a request to which he at once acceded. This step is regarded in many circles as a prelude to annexation, and has roused considerable speculation, particularly when coming so speedily after the Imperial meeting at Kremsier. In Russia the semi-official *Warsaw Gazette* declares that the incident had been prepared by the Austrian Government, and remarks, "We must warn Austria that Russia only allowed the occupation of the two provinces because the circumstances of the time prevented her from offering any active opposition. The case is altered now, and Austria will not be suffered to go a step further in the Balkans until it pleases Russia that she shall do so." There is a widespread irritation amongst the Poles at the wholesale expulsion of their countrymen from Prussia—an arbitrary measure, for which no one, save perhaps Prince Bismarck, has been able to conceive a reason. The Polish deputies have decided to exercise strong pressure upon the Austrian Government to make some protest to Prussia. Vienna has been watching with great interest the trial of the persons concerned in the financial scandal of last December. The chief defendant Kuffler appears to have been able to negotiate large sums of money, and to live in a most luxurious style, while scarcely possessing a florin of his own. The most culpable negligence on the part of those responsible for

auditing the accounts of the Discount Company has, as usual, been in a great measure the cause of the whole frauds.

RUSSIA is still occupied with minimising the amount of concession which has been made to England in the Afghan boundary dispute, the protocol for the definitive settlement of which has now been signed. This document, however, is stated to leave no point of principle to be determined between the British and Russian Commissioners, whose duty will be simply to lay down on the spot the precise line of demarcation. Sir Joseph Ridgway will head the British Mission, the chief of the Russians being Colonel Kohlberg, who will be aided by M. de Lessar. The Commission will meet in about two months, and will finish its labours in about a year. The frontier line starts from the Heri Rud, some two miles north of Zulfikar, and runs almost due east for about five miles. Turning south-east, and leaving Ak-Robat to the north, it reaches the Dahna Ishin (the most westerly affluent of the Kushk) at Ishin. It follows roughly the southern course of that stream to a point about seven miles south of Kala-i-Wawr, and then passes to the Murghab, a little north of Meruchak, leaving the whole Penjeh peninsula to Russia. At Meruchak the line runs along the western bank of the Andkhui River, till finally the Oxus is reached at Khoja Saleh. Thus the desert on the west would be left for the wanderings of the Russian Turkomans, and the settled tracts of Afghan Turkestan reserved in their integrity for the Ameer. While this boundary is far northwards of that assumed by the Russian staff map of 1884, it coincides in a great measure with that proposed by M. Lessar. Thus we have, it is true, saved Zulfikar, but then the Czar was advised that the pass was of no strategical importance, while we have had to give up Pul-i-Khatun, Ak-Robat, and Penjeh. We have, perhaps, achieved the empty honour of a diplomatic triumph, but Russia has secured the solid pudding in the shape of the sovereignty of territory to which she laid claim.

In INDIA this view is all but unanimously adopted by the Press. One journal pungently remarks that "it is now little more than a question of miles between Russia and Herat, and that it is assuredly a question of time merely to the next move in the game, which is now as much a matter of certainty as any of the events which have gone before. . . . Nothing now remains but to wait and watch, meanwhile making every preparation for a struggle which must inevitably come sooner or later." The greatest distress prevails in a great portion of Lower Bengal, owing to the recent floods. Some districts have been more than a fortnight under water, the rice crops being entirely destroyed, the jute and sugar-cane crops greatly damaged, and many thousands of ryots being rendered houseless and destitute. Two stations not far from Calcutta have registered over thirty inches in excess of the annual average of rainfall. As a contrast, in Deccan and Mysore there is great apprehension of famine owing to the terrible drought. Grain is being imported, and the wealthier natives are subscribing to form granaries and organising relief measures. In many places the crops are withered past recovery.—The Maharajah of Cashmere has died, and has been peaceably succeeded by his eldest son, Pertab Singh.

BURMAH appears to be as unsettled as ever. King Theebaw is now quarrelling with the Bombay and Burmah Trading Company, which enjoys extensive forest rights in Burmah, and Mr. Roberts, a missionary, has made a claim on the Burmese Government for the value of his house and property, which were burnt at Bhamo by the Burmese soldiers. Soopayalat, Theebaw's Queen, who is the King's evil genius, has been very ill, but is now better. The Russians, like ourselves, have an eye upon THIBET, but Colonel Prejevalsky, who is conducting the usual Muscovite "scientific expedition" with a large military retinue, has failed to penetrate into the country, owing to the hostility of the Chinese, who barricaded all the available pathways, and destroyed the bridges. These proceedings were probably due to a couple of battles which the Russian Colonel recently had with some native nomads, who were speedily put to flight by the Russian rifles.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the King and Queen of the Belgians have been distributing the awards to the successful exhibitors at the Antwerp Exhibition. The English exhibitors were represented by Mr. Grattan, the British Consul-General, and the British Colonies by General Waddington.—In GERMANY the Telegraph Congress has closed, a farewell banquet being given on Wednesday by Herr Von Stephan, the Imperial Postmaster-General.—In TURKEY Sir Drummond Wolff is still fencing with the Turkish delegates appointed to confer with him, but it is rumoured that a Turkish delegate will accompany him to Egypt to study the question on the spot, and prepare a programme which may be acceptable to both parties.—In the UNITED STATES the iron foundries of Pennsylvania have resumed work. Poor Jumbo has been killed on the track of the Grand Trunk Railway, near St. Thomas. His keeper was leading him down the line, with some other elephants, when a goods train overtook them, and ran over them. Jumbo was so severely injured that he died in half-an-hour.—In CANADA the Court of Manitoba rejected Louis Riel's appeal, which has now been referred to the Privy Council in London—the execution of the sentence being postponed. The Indian Chief Big Bear—Riel's ally—has been convicted of treason felony at Regina. His sentence, however, is deferred. General Middleton is about to visit British Columbia, in order to make plans for the defence of Victoria and her seaports.—In SOUTH AFRICA general regret is expressed at the departure of Sir Charles Warren, who has been enthusiastically *jéted* on his return journey.



THE QUEEN will remain in the Highlands until November 20 or 23rd, when Her Majesty will return to Windsor for the winter. The Queen on Saturday visited the Glassalt Shiel, returning to Balmoral in time to see the members of the British Association, who had been invited to inspect the Castle. In the evening Lord Idlesleigh—who had arrived as Minister-in-Attendance—and Principal Tulloch dined with Her Majesty. Next day the Queen and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where Principal Tulloch officiated, and Lord Idlesleigh and the Principal again joined the Royal party at dinner. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice on Monday visited the cottage of one of the Royal Keepers, James Bowman, who had died from the effects of an accident, and placed heather and *immortelle* wreaths on the coffin, while later the Queen drove to Crathie Churchyard and witnessed the funeral. The Duchess of Albany dined with Her Majesty in the evening. On Tuesday Colonel H. Ewart, C.B., was knighted and invested by Her Majesty with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. Sir Lyon Playfair, Lord Rayleigh, and Lord Idlesleigh dined with Her Majesty in the evening. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg frequently make long excursions round Balmoral on horseback, and the Prince also goes out deer-stalking with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Christian Victor. On Wednesday Prince and Princess Henry left Balmoral on a short visit to the Earl and Countess of Erroll at Slains.

The Prince of Wales has now joined the Royal gathering at

Copenhagen. On leaving Stockholm the Prince spent a short time at Christiania, where he visited the various sights of the city and neighbourhood, including the Viking's ship; and on Sunday, after attending service in the Anglican Church, started in the *Osborne* for Denmark. The Kings of Denmark and Greece and the Czar and Zarina came to Elsinore on Monday morning to meet the Prince of Wales; but the *Osborne* was delayed, and the Royal party returned to Fredensborg, while the Prince did not arrive till an hour afterwards. He then went on to Fredensborg, where the Duc de Chartres and his family had just arrived, escorted by Prince Waldemar. The young *fiancée* was enthusiastically received by the Danes, bouquets being presented by the young girls at the railway stations. A State banquet was given in the evening at Fredensborg, where the Prince of Wales's health was drunk after that of the betrothed pair. The formal betrothal of Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie of Orleans took place on Wednesday with much festivity. To-day (Saturday) the Prince will lay the foundation-stone of the English Church to be erected in Copenhagen. The Prince and Princess of Wales return to England about the end of the month, and the Prince will go to Scotland for a few days' shooting before settling with the Princess and family at Sandringham for the autumn.

The Duke of Edinburgh has gone to Scotland, paying a private visit to Chester on his way North, where he stayed with Canon Tarver. The Duchess and family remain at Eastwell, where they frequently go out hop-picking.—Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, second son of Prince and Princess Christian, has returned to England, leaving his family in Germany.—The Duke of Cambridge is also in Scotland, staying with the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle, where Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband are also of the party.



THE COMING SEASON.—We are now within less than a month of the opening of the musical season, and although the dates of the principal forthcoming concerts were given some weeks ago in this paper, it will be interesting to recapitulate them, together with further details which have come to hand.

Firstly, as to Opera. It is an extraordinary fact that although dozens of excellent artists are out of work, and despite the fact that a large and rapidly increasing English repertory is available, yet we have little or no chance of operatic performances during the winter. Even the Carl Rosa season at Drury Lane next Easter is not yet definitely settled, and the scheme projected for a season of English opera at Her Majesty's Theatre has been abandoned. A few years ago English operatic performances were always given in the autumn, and Italian managers in the early winter compensated themselves for the losses sustained during the fashionable summer months. The public mind is ripe for the resumption of autumnal operatic performances, given in adequate manner and at moderate prices. But Mr. Rosa is in the provinces, and Mr. Mapleson will return to America, and no other *entrepreneur* seems to possess enterprise and capital sufficient to make the attempt. Not even the annual summer season of Italian opera is yet settled, although there is little or no doubt some such season will take place.

The enhanced popularity of orchestral concerts shows itself by the increased number to be given of symphony performances. The Crystal Palace Concerts, under Mr. Manns, will lead off, followed by an autumnal and a summer season of Richter Concerts; the usual Philharmonic Concerts, under Sir Arthur Sullivan; a new series of four concerts, chiefly for the performance of pianoforte works with orchestra, "backed" by Messrs. Brinsmead, and conducted by Messrs. Mount and Ganz; a larger number than before of Sarasate Concerts; and the usual Royal Amateur and other miscellaneous orchestral performances.

The traditional repute of this country as the home of choral societies will be fully maintained, and one entirely new choir of importance will make its *début* under the conductorship of Mr. Mackenzie. The programmes of the first year are ambitious, consisting of Dvorak's *Spectre's Bride*, Gounod's *Mors et Vita* and *Redemption*, and Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon*. As to two more or less unfamiliar works by Sullivan and Gounod, the Royal Albert Hall and the Sacred Harmonic Choirs will clash. At the Albert Hall Mr. Barnby announces the first performance in London of *Mors et Vita*. Both that work and Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch* are announced by both societies, the Albert Hall Choir likewise performing the late Ferdinand Hiller's *Song of Victory*, besides *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and another work (possibly Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty*) not yet fixed, and the Sacred Harmonic for the first time, under the conductorship of Mr. W. H. Cummings, announcing Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, a *Psalm* by M. Saint Saëns, Handel's *Belshazzar* and *Messiah*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The Hackney Choir, under Mr. Prout, will perform the *Rose of Sharon*, Prout's *Alfred* and Schubert's *Mass in F*, besides the Choral Symphony, *Elijah*, and the *Dettingen Te Deum*. The Tufnell Park Choir, under Mr. W. Henry Thomas, will perform Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty*, Stanford's *Three Holy Children*, and Bridge's *Rock of Ages*. The Bach Choir will probably perform Dr. Stanford's new oratorio, its composer having been appointed the choir conductor, in succession to Herr Otto Goldschmidt. The Bow, South London, and Highbury (under Dr. Bridge), London Musical Society, Henry Leslie, and other choirs, will give concerts; and a new choral body, called the London Select Choir, has been formed under the conductorship of Mr. W. G. Cousins.

Chamber music will, during the winter, be efficiently represented at the Popular Concerts, where Madame Néruda, M. de Pachmann, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mr. Max Pauer, Mr. Hallé, and others will appear before, and Herr Joachim after January. M. Rubinstein will give a series of historical piano recitals next season, and there is also a talk of the return of Dr. von Bülow. Chamber concerts or recitals will also be given by Madame Frickenhaus, and Herr Ludwig, Mr. Bache, M. de Pachmann, Madame Viard-Louis, Mr. Henry Holmes, Mr. Carrodus, and others.

The miscellaneous concerts are too numerous for full enumeration. There will be eight evening and seven afternoon ballad concerts, two Patti concerts, one Nilsson concert, eight Royal Academy concerts, St. Andrew's, Boxing Day, Burns, St. Patrick, Good Friday, and Easter Monday concerts, under Mr. Ambrose Austin, and a special May concert at the Albert Hall, under the same enterprising manager, and the usual crowd of benefit and other miscellaneous performances.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—The voluntary contributions at the recent Hereford Festival were 780*l.*, the lowest for twenty years. The average during that period has been 1,233*l.* The attendance, on the other hand, was 7,260, against 5,957 in 1882, the difference being accounted for by a large number of shilling seats sold to the working classes. It is worthy of note that there was a large increase in the attendance at works new to Hereford, and a corresponding falling-off at performances of more familiar oratorios.

NOTES AND NEWS.—A second edition of "The Catalogue of the Loan Collection at the Albert Hall" has been issued. It has been corrected and almost re-written by Mr. Hipkins, and is

furnished with indices both of lenders and instruments.—The statement made in some quarters that the Abbé Liszt paid a visit to London last week is, we understand, without foundation.—The Rev. H. R. Haweis will sail for America next Thursday to lecture on "Music and Morals."—The marriage is announced of the operatic *prima donna*, Mlle. Josephine de Reszké, to a wealthy Polish banker, M. de Kronenberg.—Amsterdam now boasts a quartet of Negresses, who are giving public concerts in that city.—A biography of the late John Hullah is being written by his widow.—M. Rubinstein intends to return to London next summer to give historical recitals of old and modern pianoforte music.—The death is announced of the last of the Devrients. Franz Augusta Wagner Devrient was a resident of Berlin, and had attained the advanced age of eighty-one.—Herr Richter has been asked to conduct some performances of *Tristan und Isolde* at Bayreuth next autumn.—The decease is announced of Mr. J. H. Smythe, for many years bandmaster of the Royal Artillery.—Signor Boito, composer of *Meisfeste*, is said to be the author of the libretto of Signor Sangermano's new opera, *Semiramide*, which will be produced during the winter at La Scala, Milan.—Mlle. Emma Nevada has, it is said, solved one difficulty connected with concert touring by constituting herself the only lady member of the company engaged for her American season.—Mr. Tilley gave a recital on the banjo at the Inventions Exhibition on Monday.—Mr. Prout conducted his Birmingham Symphony at the Promenade Concerts on Wednesday.—Mrs. Edwards (Brinley Richards' "Maid of Llangollen") died last week, aged seventy-two, and was buried on Monday in St. John's Churchyard, Llangollen.

THE RIVER LEA

THE Lea is a memorable little river; and not so many years ago it was also a pleasant river, from its sources in the quiet heights of Bedfordshire even to Old Ford Lock, below which it has always been a stream of the true London type and complexion—that is to say, muddy as to itself and muddier as to its surroundings—a gloomy stream, fit for carrying coke and the refuse of bone and soap works. And even at this time, when various irresponsible bodies, called Local Boards of Health, are doing their level best to spoil its beauty and poison the people who dwell on its banks, it is distinguished by some of the most picturesque and uncommon views in England. Even opposite the Tottenham Sewage Works—that impressive monument to the sagacity, the foresight, and the aptitude peculiar to Local Boards—there is a passage of wooded and watered landscape that might furnish a great motive to a great painter—in fact, a motive not unlike one that Rousseau has treated in one of his finest masterpieces—and, as our two sketches show, the picturesque element is not wanting, even at a point that you may reach by easy bus ride from the Bank. In short, bone works and coal barges are not the only nor the chief characteristics of the River Lea, any more than the view at, say, Nine Elms is a type of the scenery in the Valley of the Thames; and the jaded Londoner in search of fresh air and pleasant sights might do worse this autumn than cruise gently up stream from Tottenham to Hertford, or even beyond. On a fine day, and supposing there has been no rain to speak of, and therefore no "storm-water" pouring into the stream from its hundreds of square miles of watershed, and churning it into a turbid torrent, you will be able to see the bed of the river, and even the shadow of your boat gliding over it. As a rule, in fact, the water above Tottenham is beautifully clear; even in the deepest parts—and in parts its depth is not despicable—you may see the water-weeds embalmed, as it were, in crystal, their tendrils twirling in the current, or swaying with a slow, uncertain rhythm that suggests distant music and dreams. Surely the water-fairies are swinging and singing there! And then, ye gods, the fishes! Multitudes of them, little and big together, and as lively as can be. Isaac Walton (as we were reminded by the comic papers) loved his Lea; but he did not love it for nothing. You may go ashore at various places: St. Alban's, for instance, and explore the quaint little town and the beautiful Abbey; at the Rye House, where you may take tea, or a draught more potent, gaze in silence at some of the most amazing sculpture this country has yet produced, peep at the Great Bed of Ware—a colossal piece of furniture, in which something like a couple of dozen may sleep at once, and lose yourself in the maziest of mazes. And if you have an artist's eye you will linger many times to "drink in" the views, which are as various as they are beautiful. Think of Broxbourne: seen from the river it is a perfect little cluster of russet roofs, topped by a quiet grey tower, and nestled softly in a world of trees that rise beyond a stretch of level meadow-land dotted with drowsy cattle. Think again of Ware, of quaint towns one of the quaintest, and furnishing a water-street that has scarcely its like in the world. The oddest little old-fashioned houses crowd each bank of the river right down to the water's edge, and blossom out into all manner of bow windows and irregular bits of tiled roof and patches of wood-work. Ware, in fact, is full of the unexpected, not to say the impossible; its very chimneys are original in a way that might kill your modern architect with despair.

All this, however, is not what has made the Lea so notorious of late. The Pollution of the Lea Question, it may be truly said, stinks in the nostrils of men, and therefore it naturally attracts more attention than the beauties of nature. There have been "demonstrations," and speeches, and letters in the papers, and proceedings in the law courts, and many thousands of pounds spent; and all because some seventeen years ago Parliament, in its infinite wisdom, passed a Bill which permits the Tottenham Local Board of Health to pour the sewage of its district into the River Lea; and it seems that, until that Act is amended or repealed, Tottenham may continue its foul proceedings. This, stripped of all quibbles, is what the Pollution of the Lea Question amounts to; and the result is that below Tottenham the stream has of late been an open sewer, stinking beyond description, oozy, black, with a strange metallic gleam on its surface, and with dead fish, and frightful garbage, clinging to its deserted banks. Deserted! Look at our first engraving, which is from a sketch taken just ten years ago, from the tea-gardens at Willow Point, just above Lea Bridge. On a Saturday afternoon, and every evening during summer, the river used to be lively with every sort of craft; the clerk, the workman, and perhaps the luckier creatures who neither toil nor spin, would enjoy healthful exercise, either in rowing or paddling, or swimming, or strolling along the towing-path. They brought their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, their wives and sweethearts and little ones; and they had good times. But all that is passed away; and now we find what you may see in the second sketch—a stagnant and deserted stream. It is a great shame, this state of things, and a great danger. It is no exaggeration to say that, owing to the gross incapacity and supineness of the Tottenham Local Board, which is shielded by the provisions of a foolish law, pestilence is now made to flow openly through five miles of the most crowded parts of poorer London. Naturally in the alarm and disgust and impoverishment which the nuisance has created—boating is at a standstill, and the boat-owners and others are within a measurable distance of ruin—many will "remedies" are proposed; and it is not cheerful to find that candidates for the numerous Parliamentary districts concerned are making political capital of the nuisance. But of all the remedial measures that have been suggested, perhaps the most inconscient is that which consists in letting the water run out of the river completely. "Flush the river!" cry the people of East and North-East London. No doubt it would do some good for the

moment; but it would take three months to replace the five miles of sludge between Tottenham and Old Ford with fresh water (in ordinary weather), and in the mean time a third of London would suffer from a scarcity of water—perhaps a total famine. Thirty-three per cent. of the London water supply is drawn from the Lea Valley; and it is better to have water and pollution, than pollution and no water. Nothing permanent can be accomplished, in short, until the Act aforesaid is altered; but in the mean while the Local Government Board should certainly insist that the Tottenham Board should do more than it is doing to mitigate a noisome scandal.



THE "RECORD" PUBLISHES the result of a careful inquiry into the opinions on the question of Disestablishment held by 579 Liberal candidates for Parliament at the General Election. Of these 403 are more or less in favour of Disestablishment, and only 37 against it, while 33 refuse to state their opinions, and as regards the remaining 106 the *Record* is without information. The estimate of the Liberation Society puts at 458, being 59 more than the *Record*, the number of Liberal candidates favourable to Disestablishment, the difference, it seems, arising chiefly from the circumstance that some of those who refused information to the *Record*, or in regard to whom it has none, are enumerated in the Liberationist returns.

THE ROYAL MILITARY CHAPEL in Wellington Barracks was crowded on Sunday morning by civilians as well as officers and soldiers, the service partaking of the character of one of thanksgiving for the return of the Guards from the Soudan. In a short address, the Rev. R. A. Corbett, the Chaplain, congratulated the Guards on their safe return. They had, he said, maintained undimmed and unsullied the honour of the brigade, and shown that the same spirit which had animated our fathers still, thank God, survived in our midst. The first verse of "God Save the Queen" was sung at the end of the service.

IN A PASTORAL LETTER, which was read in many of the churches of his Diocese on Sunday, the Bishop of Exeter points out the danger threatened by the Disestablishment movement, and suggests, as a mode of meeting it, the distribution of the tracts issued by the Church Defence Institution, parish meetings, and lectures. But while he thinks the clergy should teach their people in public and in private, on Sunday and week day, the responsibility of having a vote, the Bishop is of opinion that the platform and the school-room, rather than the pulpit, should be used for purposes of direct Church Defence.

THERE WILL BE A VACANCY in the Australian See of Bathurst through the impending resignation, from ill health, of Dr. Marsden, who became in 1869 the first Bishop of the Diocese.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, who is visiting Canada, has promised at the request of a number of the leading citizens of Montreal to deliver a lecture in that city, and has selected as his subject "Dante."

THE FUNERAL REFORM ASSOCIATION took advantage of the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen to hold a conference in that city of inhabitants and visitors interested in its object. Professor Milligan, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, presided, and advocated the erection in churchyards of monuments possessing a Christian significance. Among the speakers was Lord Aberdeen, who recommended earth-burial in perishable coffins, and spoke of the late Archbishop Tait's expressed desire for bright funerals.

ACCORDING to the recently published "Minutes of Conference" of the Wesleyan body the number of members of that Communion in Great Britain is 413,163, being an increase in the year of 2,937. Among the resolutions agreed to by the Conference, and not already referred to in this column, was one affirming the desirability of introducing into Parliament, if possible, next Session, a measure relieving Nonconformists from the presence of the Registrar at marriages celebrated in their places of worship.



THE TURF.—The Doncaster Meeting began on Tuesday, and was quite as successful as was expected. The chief events on the first day were the Champagne Stakes, easily secured by Minting, against whom for next year's Derby 4 to 1 is already the most liberal offer, and the Great Yorkshire Handicap, which the favourite, King Monmouth, won for Mr. Lowther. Lord Rosebery's aptly-named Touch-and-Go (if, as has been stated, his Lordship is about to leave the Turf) won the Doncaster Welter Plate, while Bread Knife secured another race for Mr. P'Anson by taking the Clumber Plate. On Wednesday public form was again justified by the victory of Melton, who won with the greatest ease by six lengths from Isobar, Lonely being a bad third. Archer thus won his fifth St. Leger in nine years, and this year he has surpassed himself by riding the winners of the Derby, Two Thousand Guineas, and Oaks besides. The popular jockey was also successful in three other races on Wednesday, riding Albert Melville in the Milton Stakes, the invincible Bard in the Tattersall Sale Stakes, and walking over on Kendal for the Municipal Stakes. Melton, by Master Kildare, out of Violet Melrose, was bred by Lord Hastings at Melton Constable. As a two-year-old he won the New Stakes at Ascot, the Middle Park Plate, and the Criterion Stakes, his only defeat being by a head from Luminary in the July Stakes. This year he has only run in the Payne Stakes at Newmarket, and the Derby, in both of which he was successful. Melton is also engaged in the Doncaster Cup to-day (Friday). The acceptances for the Autumn Handicaps were published on Wednesday. Thirty-seven paid in the Cesarewitch, for which Eurasian is favourite; and forty-one in the Cambridgeshire, for which Paradox heads the quotations. There was some racing at Four Oaks Park and Sandown Park last week, but, as it could throw no light on the St. Leger, it aroused but little interest. The chief event at Four Oaks Parks was the Beaufort Nursery Plate, secured by Mr. W. P'Anson's Bread Knife. Young Hopeful won the Moor Hall Plate on Thursday, and was then sold to Mr. T. Stevens, jun., for whom he cantered home first in the Maxtoke Castle Plate next day. Fedora, starting at 100 to 9, won the Montrose Plate. At Sandown Park there was a somewhat poor attendance, though some fair sport was provided. Treason just managed to get home in the Flying Two-Year-Old Plate, being closely followed by Ripon and The Child, and Tom Cannon secured the Nursery Stakes on his colt Fullerton, while Ariel won the Mole Plate for the Duke of Beaufort.

CRICKET.—The only first-class cricket of the week has been furnished by Shaw's Australian team, who have played two matches. The first, against an England Eleven, was drawn in favour of England, being chiefly remarkable for Dr. W. G. Grace's

score of 51 out of the total of 53 scored when he came out. The second match, against an Eleven got together by Hall, the Yorkshire Captain, was delayed by rain until the Tuesday, and was consequently also drawn, considerably in favour of Shaw's team.—The English team of Amateurs now touring across the Atlantic have beaten Ontario by an innings and 19 runs.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The four-mile race between George and Cummings took place on Saturday last at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, in most unseasonable weather. The result was a complete surprise, as George gave in three-quarters of a mile from home, leaving Cummings, who ran with admirable judgment, to finish alone. Each athlete has now won one event, and the ten miles' contest, which is to take place on Saturday next, September 26th, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, will therefore be awaited with great interest.

SWIMMING.—The race for the Hundred Yards Amateur Championship was decided at the Lambeth Baths, Westminster, on Monday night, when Mr. J. L. Mayger, Burton-on-Trent, the holder of the title, once more proved successful.—On the same evening, at the Kent Street Baths, Birmingham, A. Barclay, Stoke-upon-Trent, won the Half-Mile Amateur Championship of the Midlands after a magnificent race with H. Mayger, Burton-on-Trent.

CYCLING.—At the International meeting held last week at Springfield, U.S.A., the English "wheelists" have been carrying all before them, and, if the times telegraphed be correct, have broken several "records." Howell and Wood divided the wins in the Professional races, while English, Cripps, Furnivall, and Webber followed suit in the Amateur class. Webber indeed accomplished the smartest performance of the meeting by covering ten miles in 28 min. 43.2-5 sec., and twenty miles in 58 min. 56 sec., these times being the fastest on record for these distances. Meantime the home bicyclists have not been idle. On Thursday last week J. H. Adams won the Crystal Palace Fifteen Miles Challenge Cup from twelve others, while on Saturday H. A. Speechly of the Ranelagh Harriers won the ten miles race at the meeting of the Surrey B. C. at Kennington Oval. On Wednesday last Mr. Alfred Nixon left the Land's End for John O'Groats, with the intention of breaking the existing tricycle record. He hopes to accomplish the distance easily within seven days.

FOOTBALL.—The first round of ties for the Scottish Cup was productive of some extraordinary goal-scoring. No less than six clubs got into double figures, but the Arbroath and Dundee Harp surpassed them all by obtaining respectively 36 goals to none, and 35 goals to none against two Aberdeen clubs.—Among English clubs Darwin has been defeated by Great Lever, Walsall by the Bolton Wanderers, the once invincible Aston Villa by West Bromwich Albion, while the Blackburn Rovers have played a drawn game with Padimah.

YACHTING.—After no less than four postponements the first of the three races between the *Genesta* and the *Puritan* for the America Cup was decided on Monday. Even then the race was for a considerable distance nothing more than a floating match, but finally the *Puritan*, as we ventured to prophesy last week, proved successful by rather over six minutes, the lightness of the wind favouring her more than the *Genesta*. The second race took place on Wednesday, when a strong wind prevailed. A capital race ensued, the *Puritan* being again successful, but this time by only a little more than one minute.



THE WHEAT-GROWING COUNTIES OF ENGLAND include every shire—there is no county where some wheat is not grown. But the counties which grow over 300,000 qrs. are not very numerous, and form a little group to themselves. The southernmost is Kent, estimated this year to have grown 306,000 qrs. Next comes Essex with 598,125 qrs., and Cambridgeshire with 453,750 qrs., Norfolk and Suffolk, between Cambridge and the sea, grow, the one 660,000 qrs., and the other 450,000 qrs. Lincolnshire, the champion wheat county, grows 825,000 qrs., and the large area of York gives that shire a total of 562,500 qrs. Yorkshire used to grow more wheat than Lincoln, but the area under wheat has diminished largely in the Northern county during the past five years, while Lincolnshire shows but little change. Scotland grows 227,500 qrs., Ireland 240,000 qrs., and Wales 263,500 qrs., thus the two kingdoms and the Principality may combine their yields without equalling that of Lincolnshire.

THE WHEAT HARVEST for this year is now returned as follows:—The Home Counties have produced about 1,015,600 qrs., Southern England 982,500 qrs., Western England nearly a million qrs., Wales 263,500 qrs., the Midlands 1,752,250 qrs., Eastern England 3,134,875 qrs., Scotland 227,500 qrs., Ireland 239,198 qrs., and the Channel Islands, with the Isle of Man, 28,125 qrs. In all, 9,471,018 qrs. for the whole country. This, when a million qrs. are allowed for seed wants, leaves 8,471,018 qrs. for home consumption, and it is reckoned that 15½ millions at least will be required from abroad. Some authorities think we shall import as much as 17 millions in the new cereal year. In the twelvemonth concluding with the 31st of August, we certainly did import, besides 13,672,505 qrs. of wheat, a quantity of flour equal to 4,121,722 qrs., and with home supplies we made up a total of 26,318,602 qrs. This, however, leaves us with fairly good reserves, and purchases need not accordingly be quite so large as heretofore.

DERBYSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual gathering and Show of this Society has been more successful than the miserable weather prevailing during its continuance might have led one to expect. Probably the Society were fortunate in having chosen this year the county capital as the place of meeting. The number of entries was very large, and far larger than at any previous Derbyshire Show. The cattle were fair, especially the shorthorns and the Jerseys. The sheep were very good, the short-wooled rams being of extraordinary excellence. The Duke of Portland showed some really splendid animals. Pigs were a better competition than we have seen them at several recent Shows. The display of horses was magnificent, the agricultural classes especially being well filled with animals of marked merit. Where all were admired, a beautiful mare of Mr. Barron's won pre-eminent attention, and took first honours. The hunters were a very good show.

SUFFOLK SHEEP.—Writing of this breed, one of the most famous of East Anglian agriculturists says:—"One almost wishes the judges at Shows would once in a while be a little bit bold, and mark their approval of real merit by picking out the level shoulders, great girth round the heart, close wool, and smart heads, leaving the tremendous achievements in weight for age for what they are worth—a mere matter of size and high feeding, but not a criterion of profit. The Hampshire character is far too apparent as yet; and, although a cross is occasionally needed to produce an animal for the circumstances of the times, the royal road to success in breeding is, after all, patient selection and a tenacious adherence to a fixed type."



DR. HANS RICHTER
Conductor

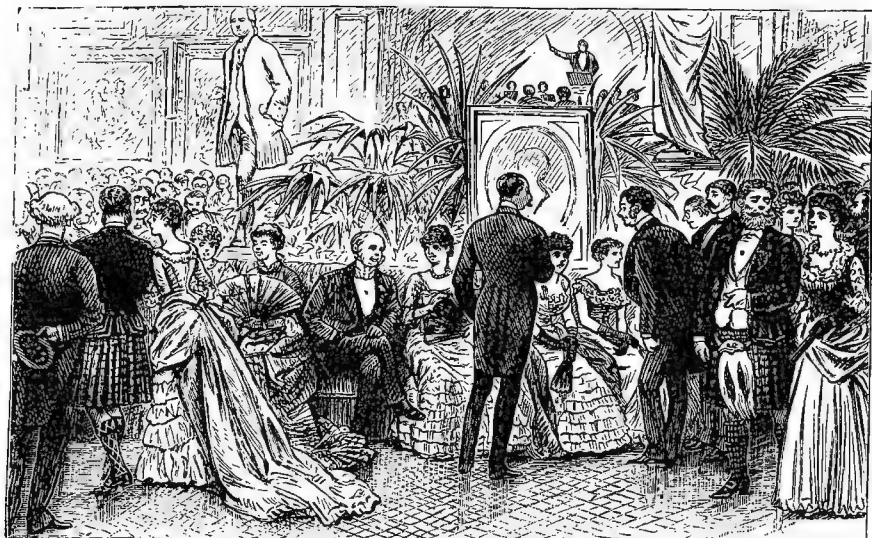


HERR ANTONIN DVORÁK
Composer of "The Spectre's Bride," &c.



MR. C. VILLIERS STANFORD
Composer of the "Three Holy Children," &c.

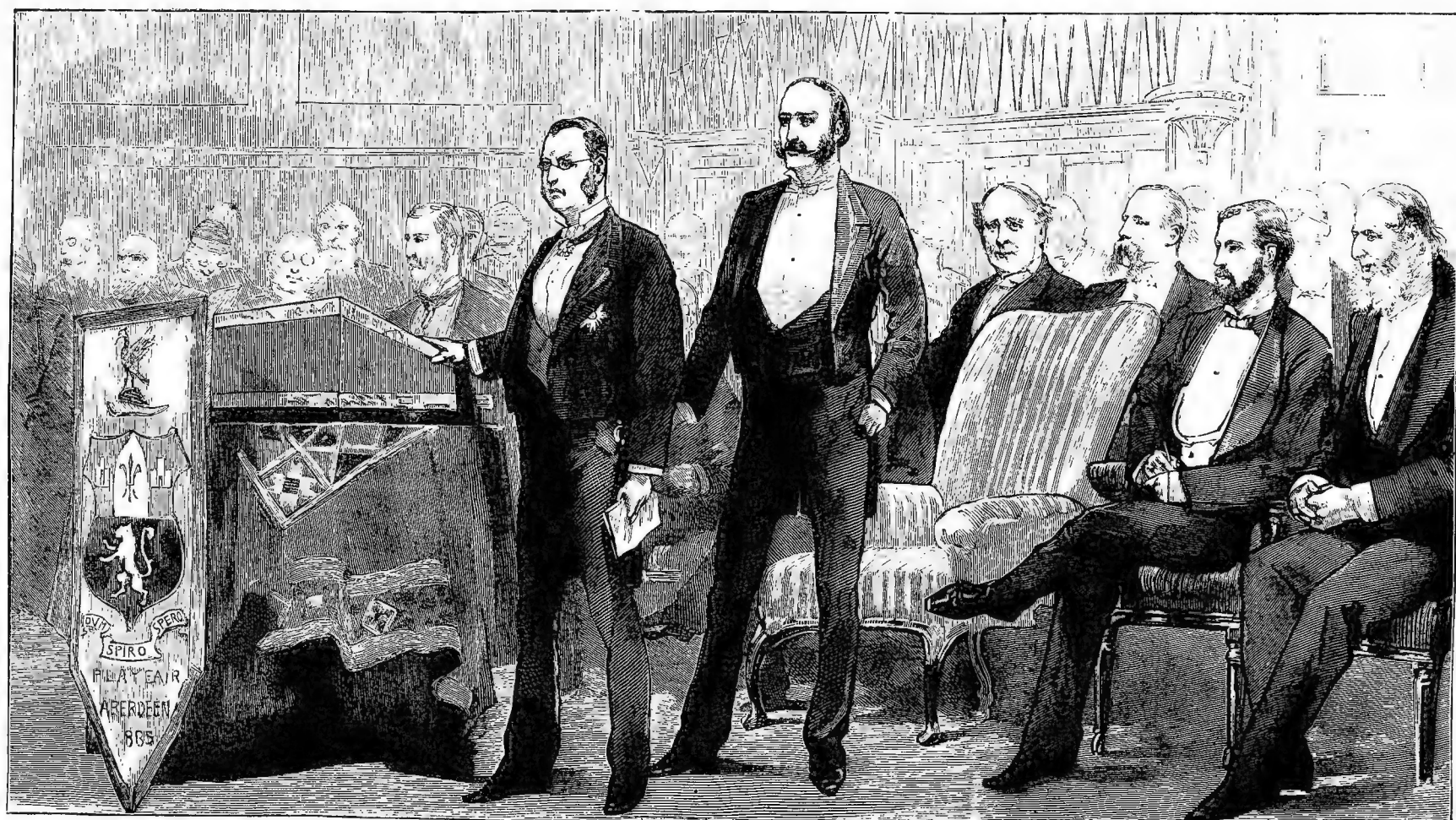
THE RECENT MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BIRMINGHAM



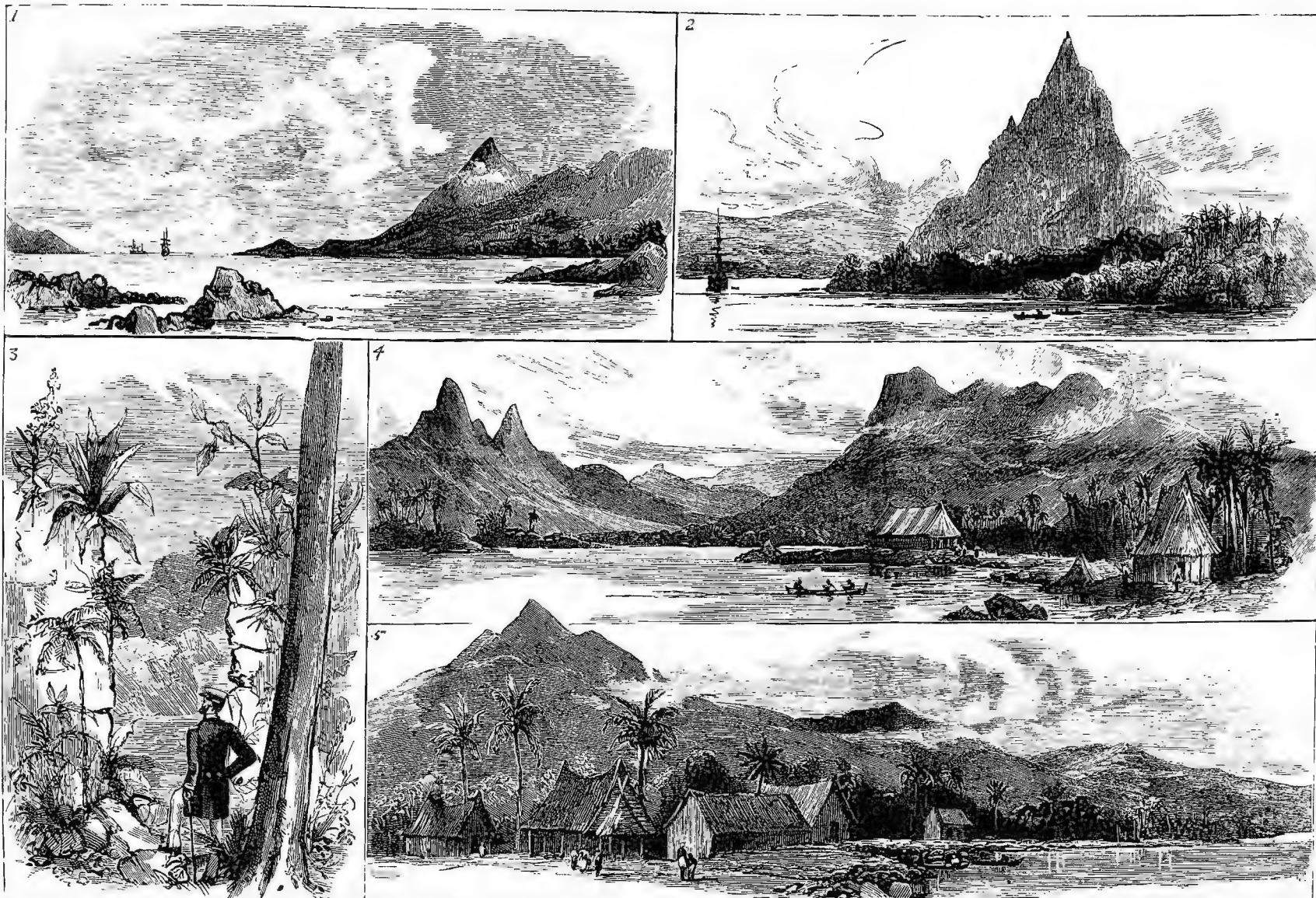
CONVERSAZIONE AT THE ABERDEEN ART GALLERIES



THE FLOWER SHOW



THE OPENING MEETING IN THE MUSIC HALL—LORD RAYLEIGH (RETIRING PRESIDENT) INTRODUCING SIR LYON PLAYFAIR AS PRESIDENT FOR THE YEAR
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT ABERDEEN



1. The Harbour, Ualau Island
2. The Rain Peak, Ponape Island

3. The Gateway entering the Ruins,
Ualau Island

4. End of Harbour, with King's House, Ualau
5. The Native Village, Ualau Harbour

SOME VIEWS IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS, THE TERRITORY IN DISPUTE BETWEEN SPAIN AND GERMANY



1. The Lea as It Was—Scene just above Lea Bridge on Saturday Afternoon.

2. The Lea as It Is—A Sketch at Willow Point.

THE STATE OF THE RIVER LEA

BARNET FAIR this year was well attended, there being a large gathering of farmers and graziers, as well as a specially heavy contingent of tramps, showmen, and "camp followers" of every description. Milch kine and good young horses sold very readily; but aged horses and store stock were cheap and neglected, while sheep were almost 10s. per head lower than last year's terms.

"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY;" and in America apparently settlers are having theirs. Mr. P. Lorillard, the famous New York horse-breeder and dog-fancier, has lately been establishing a stud of field trial setters, and he has begun by building for them kennels costing 12,000*l.*, the fittings and style of which recall the vagaries of Caligula rather than the common sense of the nineteenth-century sportsman. The dogs purchased during the past year amount to 3,600*l.*; the manager of these "doggeries" being paid 600*l.* a year, and a regular staff being maintained under him. The kennels are in the middle of a ten-acre field, with a game preserve adjoining, so that the dogs can be trained at home.

HARVESTING is still unfinished in the West, where two very different usages may be seen to prevail on either side of the Welsh border. The Kelt ties his grain into sheaves, and puts it together into small wind ricks almost as soon as it is cut. The English farmers follow no such custom, and in catchy, showery weather their wheat suffers in consequence. With respect to barley, the Shropshire and Herefordshire farmers usually allow it to remain after being in swathes, to be occasionally turned over or spread about on the ground. Should the sheaf-binding reapers become general, all corn would be sheaved, and it would be easy to prevent grain from sprouting by placing the sheaves into wind-mows.

THE GARDEN.—The season seems to have suited gladioli, which are often a magnificent show. China asters are coming on very well, and are of a large size, good colour, and robust growth. The single dahlia continues, and deservedly, to gain in favour. The colours which gardeners have already obtained with this flower are at once delicate and rich, and include some of the most lovely yellows and reds which have yet been produced in any flower. The purple clematis with its gorgeous flowers is still in bloom, and the stately sunflower is also in full flower, though in many gardens this plant has been sadly beaten down by recent winds.

RAM SALES are always a feature of this month. Southdowns are making fair prices. At Mr. Goringe's sale the average was nearly 13*l.* The Beau Desert flock of Shropshires have apparently gained in appreciation, as high prices are now paid for rams therefrom. The Treeford Shropshire sale produced very fair returns, and at the Pipe Place sale really excellent prices were made. The Willoughby Lincoln rams made a good average, the Oswestry rams fair prices, though not so good as the Willoughbys. On the other hand the Lincoln ram sale at Peterborough was very slow, and but poor prices were obtained.

HYBRID WHEAT is attracting attention by reason of the alleged development of special quality and excellence. The hybrid is stated to ripen quicker, and to bear more ears, than the parent plant. A hybrid sown November 19, 1884, grew to the height of 4 feet 9 inches, the female parent plant being 4 feet, and the male 5 feet high. The female and the hybrid came into ear on the same day, June 19; the male not till three days later. The female, in the early stages of growth, was dwarf and prostrated; but the hybrid was stronger and more upright, after the character of the male. The ears of the hybrid were very thick and closely set, and the plant ripened and was fit for cutting ten days before either of the parent plants. The straw of the hybrid was very strong, and of a fine bright colour. Bearded hybrids appear now to be favoured by cultivators, as the spiny beards are a great protection from birds.

THE RECENT MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BIRMINGHAM

HERR HANS RICHTER, whose direction of the orchestra at the recent Birmingham Festival has elicited unqualified approval, is entirely a self-made man. He was born in 1843 at Raab, in Hungary, where his father was organist at the Cathedral. His mother is still a popular teacher of singing. As a boy he was a chorister at the Court Chapel, Vienna, and he afterwards entered the Conservatoire, where he in 1859 studied the horn under Kleinecke and theory under Sechter. For some years, until in 1866 he was recommended to Wagner at Lucerne, he played the horn in the orchestra of the Kärnthnerthor Opera at Vienna. At Lucerne he made the fair copy for the printers of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* and *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. In 1871 he became conductor at the National Theatre, Pesth, but it was not until four years later that his surpassing ability as a conductor was recognised by his appointment to direct the Philharmonic Concerts, and as sub-conductor at the Viennese Opera. Richter directed the two years' rehearsals, and in 1876 the first performance of the *Nibelungs Ring* at Bayreuth, and was immediately recognised as the first Wagner conductor of the day. The full score of this most intricate series of works he had learned by heart. In 1877 Richter first came to London as sub-conductor at the Wagner Festival held at the Albert Hall. But the London public vastly preferred his conducting to that of Wagner himself, and the jealous composer selected another orchestral director for his last work, *Parsifal*. In 1879 Richter returned to London, and since then two series of his concerts here have been given annually. Richter has also directed two seasons of German operatic performances in London, and this year he succeeded the late Sir Michael Costa at Birmingham, where he directed *Messiah* and *Elizah* for the first time in his life. One of the great secrets of Richter's success is his complete knowledge of every instrument of the modern orchestra, an acquaintance unsurpassed by any living musician. It has not unfairly been said that he plays on the orchestra as though it were a single musical instrument, and his reading of some music, notably that of Beethoven and Wagner, is quite unique.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

HERR ANTONIN DVORAK, whose cantata, *The Spectre's Bride*, is by general consent held to be the finest production at the Birmingham Festival, can boast a career which almost reads like a chapter of romance. His fame is almost entirely English, and it is barely three years old. Dvorak was born near Mülhausen, in Bohemia, on September 8, 1841. He was the son of a slaughterman and innkeeper, and as a lad he assisted his father to kill and skin sheep and oxen, and to draw Hungarian beer from the village tap. He emancipated himself, and after many troubles, during which he eked out a scanty subsistence on an income of from 25*l.* to 50*l.* a year, he obtained about ten years ago an artist's grant of 60*l.*, mainly through the influence of Brahms and Hanslick. Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace, and Herr Joachim at the Popular Concerts, first introduced his music to this country, but it was not until March 10, 1883, when his masterwork, the *Stabat Mater*, was sprung upon a thin and utterly unsuspecting audience at St. James's Hall by Mr. Barnby, that his music attracted much notice beyond a certain circle. But the *Stabat Mater* sent its composer at a bound high up the ladder of fame. Dvorak was invited to England and fêted, and the contents of his portfolio were seized. With two exceptions (a Symphony, written for the Philharmonic Society, and the *Spectre's Bride*), all the compositions we have heard from his pen were written at a time when he was struggling for bread. Neither Vienna nor Prague recognised the genius of the composer who was almost starving in her midst, and the *Stabat Mater* was, until

Brahms intervened, deemed by the Austrian Minister of Fine Arts unworthy an encouraging grant of even 40*l.*, asked for and refused in 1873. Now that every new work is the subject of competition by rival Festival Committees, Dvorak can afford to indulge in a generous forgetfulness of the apathy of his countrymen. Dvorak is beyond all things a Czechish, as distinctive from a German, composer. In every composition the national Bohemian, in its struggle against the Teutonic, element is strongly marked, and it adds the charm of individuality to the workmanship of an acknowledged master. In private life Herr Dvorak is one of the most modest and unostentatious of men. Those who have twice enjoyed his society at musical festivals look back with pleasure to many happy hours spent in conversation over the pipe and British beer, which here takes the place of the national beverage of his country. In wandering about the streets of Birmingham Dvorak more than once contrived to lose himself, working his way back to the Queen's Hotel by exhibiting the autograph which the Birmingham folks so highly prize.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace, S.E.

MR. CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD is the brightest hope of the musicians of "Young Ireland." He was born September 30th, 1852, at Dublin, where his father, an Examiner in the Irish Court of Chancery, was an enthusiastic amateur. He studied under Sir Robert Stewart at Dublin, but when still a youth he went as Choral Scholar to Cambridge, finishing his education from 1874 to 1876 under Reinecke at Leipzig, and under Kiel at Berlin. Although Mr. Stanford has for some years past been generally considered a coming man, it is impossible even yet to prognosticate what position he may eventually be destined to take in the world of music. That he is worthily ambitious may be judged by the important part he has taken in the cultivation of the highest music at Cambridge University, and by his great though perhaps somewhat excessive productivity. But despite his indisputable ability, of any sort of individuality he has yet shown hardly a trace. As a clever imitator of varied styles, and without the slightest suspicion of plagiarism, Mr. Stanford is almost unrivalled. His opera, *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, could not have been written had *Die Meistersinger* not been present to his mind, while *Savonarola* was undoubtedly influenced by *Tristan und Isolde* as the Walt Whitman *Elégiae Ode* was by the music of Brahms. In his latest work, the Birmingham oratorio *The Three Holy Children*, the finest parts are distinctly Handelian. It is down to date Mr. Stanford's most acceptable composition, so excellent indeed that a general hope has been expressed of a wholesale revision of the middle portion of the second and weaker part. Symphonies and other orchestral pieces, chamber works and Church music, are among the long list of Mr. Stanford's productions during the past ten years, and tend to accentuate the opinion that—like Raffi, though happily free from the necessity which impelled the German master to over-production—Mr. Stanford would write better if he wrote less. Mr. Stanford's well-deserved personal popularity has doubtless assisted him in his upward career. That career has been brilliant, for, besides gaining the ear of Lord Tennyson, for whom he composed the incidental music on the production of *Queen Mary* at the Lyceum, in 1876, Mr. Stanford has within ten years placed three grand operas, and has executed commissions for works at the Norwich, two Three Choir, and two Birmingham Festivals.—Our portrait is from a photograph by R. W. Thrupp and Co., New Street, Birmingham.



THE REVISING BARRISTERS have had this autumn a singularly difficult task to perform, so numerous and intricate are the questions arising out of the provisions of the Franchise Act, especially in connection with what is inaccurately called the Service Franchise. Already a number of electoral problems have been solved only provisionally by the Revising Barristers, whose decisions are in several important cases conflicting, and will have, it is evident, to be referred to the arbitration of Courts of Appeal. Among these is the claim of military officers and private soldiers in barracks to vote at elections, which has been allowed here and disallowed there. A great deal of thought and ingenuity have been expended, too often with only negative results, on the discovery of an answer to the question, "What is a dwelling-house?" Numbers of persons who expected votes under the so-called Service Franchise have been disappointed by the decision of Revising Barristers that control exercised by employers—in fixing, for instance, the hour of re-entry at night into the apartments which they provide for those in their employment—deprives the latter of their anticipated votes.

EVERY NOW AND THEN THE DISCOVERY is made of some forgotten statute conferring powers for the acquisition of which it is supposed that new legislation must be procured. There turns out to be nothing absolutely new in the principle of the measures advocated by Mr. Chamberlain to enable local authorities to acquire land for cultivation by agricultural labourers and others. A correspondent of a contemporary points attention to the existence in the Statute Book of the Act 59 George III., chapter 12, sections 12 and 13 of which empower the churchwardens and overseers of every parish, with the consent of the parishioners in Vestry assembled, to purchase out of the rates twenty acres of land "for the promotion of industry amongst the poor," to let it "at such reasonable rent, and for such terms, as shall by the inhabitants in Vestry be fixed and determined."

FOR SOME UNASSIGNED REASON the Benchers of the Middle Temple have decided to discontinue this year the annual show of chrysanthemums in their gardens, but that at the Inner Temple will take place as usual, and in a new and spacious greenhouse which has been erected for the purpose, to be opened to the public about the middle of October.

THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT is invading even those most Conservative of institutions, the Inns of Court. A movement has been initiated for the reform of the constitution of the Inner Temple, and a provisional committee of barristers have issued a circular pointing out grievances and suggesting remedies. Among the former are the non-publication of accounts by the Benchers, the exorbitant rents of the new chambers, and the letting of them to tenants not members of the Society. The main proposal of the Middle Temple Reformers is that, saving the rights of existing Benchers, all subsequent elections shall be made in the ordinary way by the votes of members of the Society, and that the accounts of its revenue and expenditure shall be exhibited and published.

THE PROCEEDINGS at Bow Street in the case of Eliza Armstrong were suspended after Monday's sitting, to be resumed, and in all probability finished, on the 26th instant. The chief additional evidence adduced this week for the prosecution was that of Mrs. Broughton, who introduced the woman Jarrett to Mrs. Armstrong, that of Mr. Armstrong, Eliza's father, and that of Inspector Borne, who had charge of the preliminary inquiries into the alleged abduction. Mrs. Broughton was cross-examined by Mr. Stead with no result of any importance. Mr. Armstrong testified that he had beaten his wife for allowing his daughter to go out to service without first informing him, but he denied that she had given him much trouble by intemperance.

IN ACCORDANCE with the coroner's warrant the medical and relieving officers of St. George's-in-the-East have been committed for trial, a jury having found that their neglect accelerated the death of a woman who had been in the infirmary of that workhouse for several weeks, and died some time after leaving it, partly from privation. She had complained of not being properly treated in the infirmary, and according to her husband's statement, the authorities showed resentment for her departure from it by refusing afterwards to supply her with necessaries.

AT THE OPENING this week of the September sittings of the Central Criminal Court, the Recorder having referred in his charge to the case of a prisoner accused of falsely passing himself out as a clergyman, and thus marrying several couples a grand jurymen inquired whether under such circumstances a marriage was valid, and received the reply that it would be perfectly valid, unless the contracting parties were cognisant of the fraud.

A MIXED BOARD OF OFFICERS, two of them belonging to the Royal Artillery, has held an inquiry into the circumstances of the assault made last week on Private Gibbs, a sentry of the 85th Shropshire Regiment of Light Infantry, at half-past one A.M., while he was on duty at No. 1 Powder Magazine in Plumstead Marshes, not far from No. 2, where, it will be remembered, a soldier was bayoneted to death through the mistake of a comrade early in the present year. According to his account, two men suddenly sprang on him in the dark, one seizing him by the throat, the other wresting his rifle from him, and both of them demanding the keys of the magazine. With the hand of one of the men upon his throat, and the other filling his mouth with dirt, his efforts to cry out for aid were unavailing. In the struggle he fell to the ground, when his assailants beat him about the body, and, having stabbed him several times, decamped. When soon afterwards his comrades came to change sentries they found him unconscious, but he proved not to have been very severely injured, though bearing on his person all the marks of the violence described by him. The members of the Court of Inquiry inspected the scene of the assault, and stringently examined the man himself, who bore an excellent character in the regiment. The sergeant who went to relieve guard deposed that he had found Gibbs on the ground, and bearing all the marks of brutal ill-treatment. The inquiry was a private one, and its results will not be published by authority until the report of the Military Court has been considered by the Secretary of State for War, but it is understood that its members were convinced of the accuracy of the statement made by Gibbs, who was not, as is usual in these cases, placed under arrest while the inquiry was pending and proceeding.

AT "THE INVENTIONS"

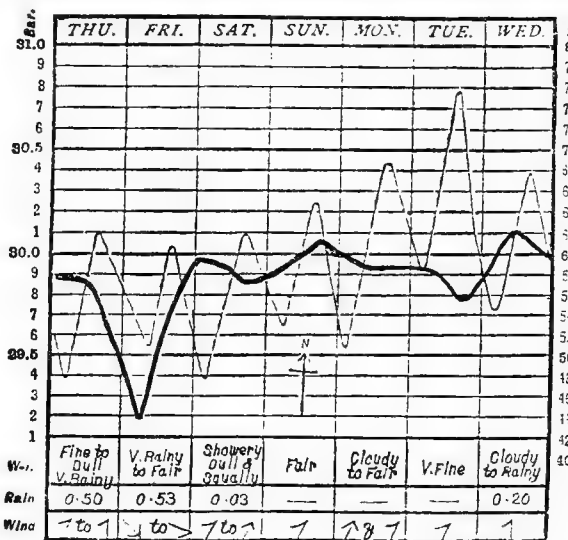
A FAIRY TALE OF SCIENCE

At one touch leapt the darkness into light,
With myriad emeralds and rubies bright,
Sapphire and topaz-sparkle, and between
The dark trees gleamed the fires in water sheen,
While in the midst the fountains revelled high—
They tossed their feathery crests into the sky,
They fell, and leapt again above the light,
Flinging their snowy spray-showers on the night,
And ceaselessly the shimmering water through
Played fairy-lights with ever-changing hue:
Yet far above, in heaven's dark vault alone,
With feeble, silver ray one starlet shone;
Lit by God's hand, its humble light up there
Twinkled unnoticed in the world's bright glare;
But though earth quenched her blaze ere night was sped,
Still brilliant shone the starlet overhead.

J. W. R.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has remained in a very unsettled state. At the commencement of the period a well-defined and deep depression formed in the neighbourhood of the Scilly Islands, and in the course of Thursday night its centre advanced quickly along the English Channel. As it approached the wind blew hard from the South-West, and heavy rain fell over all the more southern parts of England. The largest amounts of which we at present have any record were 3.1 inches at Taunton, 2.5 inches at Street (Somerset), and 2.2 inches at Tiverton and Cullompton; in London the total fall was one inch. In the rear of the depression the wind shifted to North-West, and blew a severe gale over the western part of the Channel, but the weather improved greatly. On Saturday the wind had backed to our extreme North-Western coasts, and in the course of the day a fresh South-Western gale was experienced over the greater part of the Kingdom. Since then other depressions have moved in a North-Easterly direction along the Irish and Scotch coasts, and the wind has therefore remained chiefly South-Western, while the weather has been usually cloudy and unsettled. On Tuesday, however, the sky cleared over England, and some rather high temperatures were recorded, the thermometer rising to 73° at Cambridge, and 76° in London. On other days the weather has been rather cool for the time of year.

The barometer was highest (30.0 inches) on Sunday and Wednesday (11th and 15th inst.); lowest (29.7 inches) on Friday (11th inst.); range 0.3 inches. The temperature was highest (76°) on Tuesday (15th inst.); lowest (43°) on Thursday and Saturday (10th and 12th inst.); range 28°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount 1.26 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.53 inch on Friday (11th inst.).

GENERAL GORDON AND THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society are endeavouring to raise a fund in memory of their fellow-Committeeman, the late General Gordon, to be invested in the names of trustees, and employed in furtherance of the Society's operations.—Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mr. C. H. Allen, the Secretary, at the Society's Offices, 55, New Broad Street, E.C.

Floriline

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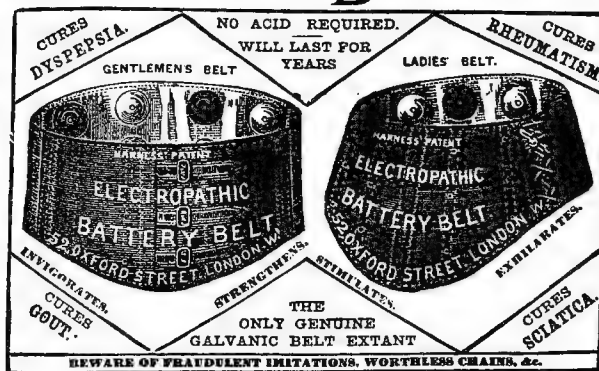
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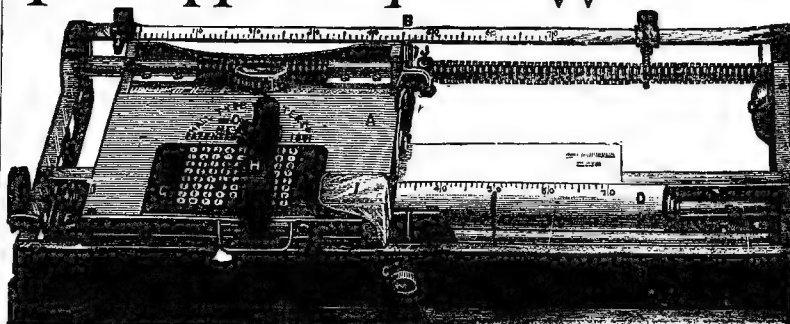
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Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER XV. (continued)

THERE was only one thing just now that troubled him. He wanted to get back to his heiress hunt, and he did not want to leave Dobroski in his lodgings to bring there any mad theorists and bloodthirsty dynamitards who might choose to gather about him. But Dobroski himself saved him from this dilemma.

"You will not think, sir," he said on the second morning of his stay, "that I do not value your hospitality. But I shall be more free to move if I am away from you, and shall still after the publicity of our joint arrival here be able to communicate with you with perfect freedom."

O'Rourke was more than politely regretful at parting from Dobroski, but he recognised the wisdom of the proposal, and the old man took lodgings at a quiet hotel much frequented by Continental people, who were not of the conspiring class. This left O'Rourke free to go back and pursue his suit, and he had written a hasty-looking note to Dobroski to say that he was unexpectedly called on to the Continent, and was consulting his Bradshaw to start, when a serving maid brought up the card of no less a person than his friend Maskelyne. He sat looking at it for a minute or so, until at length the girl asked him whether or not she should show the gentleman up.

"Yes, yes," said O'Rourke. "Show him up at once." He hardly knew what to make of the visit, and could only conjecture that Maskelyne was here to make some sort of appeal, or some sort of protest, with respect to Angela. For what may be the last thing possible in the world for one man, may seem quite natural and in the right order of things to another. But he stood with a look of friendly expectancy on his face, and held the door of his room back with one hand, whilst he reached out the other in welcome to his friend.

"Why, Maskelyne, old fellow, what brings you to London? Come in, old chap, come in."

Maskelyne shook hands cordially enough, but with extreme gravity, a gravity unusual even for him.

"Dobroski's staying with you, I believe?" he said questioningly. "I have an important message for him. I followed him to Brussels, but could learn nothing there until I read in the *Etoile Belge* last night an English telegram, relating how you and he had come over together, and that he was actually staying with you."

"He was, until this morning," said O'Rourke. "I wanted to show these people here that an Irishman isn't afraid of sympathis-

ing with him. They were talking about our getting into holes and corners at Janenne, and seemed to think that I dare not own the grand old fellow in London."

"Where is he staying now?" Maskelyne asked. "I want especially to find him."

"What?" cried O'Rourke gaily, sitting down at his desk to write the address. "Is Maskelyne also among the anarchists?"

"No," said Maskelyne. "I'm an outsider there as elsewhere." If this speech expressed any inward bitterness, neither voice nor manner declared it.

"You're going back to Houfay, I suppose?" said O'Rourke, in a casual friendly tone, as he wrote.

"Well, no," said Maskelyne. "I fancy not. Or not at all events for a time."

"Oho!" cried the other to himself, energetically applying a blotting paper to the address, and looking round smilingly at his friend. "Beaten out of the field already. Tant mieux!"

"Do you go back to Janenne?" asked Maskelyne.

"I start to-night," returned O'Rourke. "I promised Farley to go back again." Of course Maskelyne saw through that little subterfuge, and of course O'Rourke knew he would.

"To-night?" said Maskelyne. "You'll do me a service, won't you?"

"Try me," returned his friend, with smiling seriousness.

"I'm staying at the Langham," Maskelyne said. "There's a lady there—an American—whom I knew at home. She's going to visit Brussels, and except for her maid she's alone. Neither she nor her maid speak a word of French, and I shall be obliged if you'll put yourself at her service in case she wants anything."

"Certainly, certainly," cried O'Rourke. "Do I know her?"

"I think not," answered Maskelyne. "She's a youngish widow, rather pretty, and sinfully rich. A Mrs. Spry."

"And what state of riches might a poor man like yourself care to call sinful?"

"Well," said Maskelyne, with a smile, "I think two millions may deserve it."

"Two millions?" O'Rourke whistled and then laughed.

"Dollars?"

"No. Sterling."

"Two millions sterling? Maskelyne, I ask you seriously, as a man of money, do you think there is such a sum? To an Irishman and a journalist it sounds fabulous."

"Yes. It's large, isn't it? But people seem to go for all or

nothing in our part of the world. They're not afraid of risking what they have. They are not afraid of risking what other people have either. But I must go. When do you start?"

"Seven fifty-nine, from Holborn Viaduct."

"You make some pretence of a dinner before you go? Come and make it with me. We'll dine at six, if that will suit you, and I can put the lady under your wing. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes," said O'Rourke, in his friendliest, lightest-hearted way. "That is a bargain. But the idea of having to take care of two millions sterling almost frightens me. Is it appropriated, the two millions sterling? Has the female owner a male owner?"

"No," returned Maskelyne; "the poor girl's husband only died six months ago."

"He only died?" said O'Rourke. "Poor fellow. Wasn't that enough for him? Good-bye, since you must go. At the Langham at six? Good. I'll be there." He ran downstairs with Maskelyne and let him out with his own hands, repeating after him with his bright and friendly air, "At six. I'll be there." But when he had closed the door he walked with a remarkable gravity of aspect to the room he had just quitted, and planting himself with great care and precision on the very centre of a square in the carpet pattern, stood with his hands buried deep in his pockets, and stared at his toes as if they were charged with interest for him. "Two millions," he said softly. "Two millions. Sterling. Gott in Himmel!" He drew a great breath slowly, and expelled it rapidly, and then marching with a sudden step to the mantel-shelf cast both elbows on it, and, dropping his chin on his hands, stared at himself in the mirror. He stayed there for a minute or two steadfastly regarding his own reflection, and next took to marching up and down the room.

"Still waters run deep," he said, half aloud. "He's a cunning devil is Maskelyne. Is this his bid for Miss Butler, now? Does he think I stand a chance, or does he think I am fool enough to drop the steak for the shadow, or what does he think? Two millions? Now, candidly, Maskelyne, I don't think two millions credible. Make it dollars, and I don't mind believing you. Now, by the way—now that I come to recall it, he never actually said she had two millions. Anybody who had two millions might deserve to be called sinfully rich. And yet that isn't like Maskelyne. Maskelyne's very straight. Well, we all run straight when we haven't got to run cunning. Sinfully rich he said she was. Youngish. Rather pretty. Six months widowed. But the two millions sounds like one of the yarns of that maritime liar, Sinbad. Two millions!"

He stopped short in his walk, balanced himself with extreme care

in the exact centre of the square in which he had stood before, and stayed there for a minute or two, gathering an occasional handful of his beard and biting at it.

"By George!" he said, beginning to pace up and down again. "I give Maskelyne credit. I give him high credit. The very highest credit. The very—highest—credit. The—very—highest." The words had grown to be purely mechanical, and had no longer any meaning for him, but he went on repeating them. "How well he did it. Not a sign. . . . I always had a high opinion of you, George, but never so high an opinion as now. It was a work of art. I should never have guessed from his manner that he had the slightest unusual thing upon his mind. That American gravity covers a good deal. I suppose it's climatic. The red men have it. The white men are growing like the red men. High cheekbones—thin cheeks—aquiline nose—hairless face. And the youngish widow rather pretty and sinfully rich? It's a very well played card, George, but I'll look at my own hand a little before I play to it."

What may be the last thing possible in the world for one man may seem quite natural and in the right order of things to another. Maskelyne had bespoken a friend's polite attention for a lady, but out of this mere inch of straight cable the subtle O'Rourke wove a spider's web.

"Spry?" said O'Rourke to himself. "That was the name. Didn't he say something that led me to think that the two millions was recently in trade? Let me see. Yes. 'People seem to go for all or nothing in our part of the world. They don't mind risking what they have.' There's a place in the City where one can find out the worth of almost anybody in trade. This is worth looking at."

He walked downstairs again, took his hat from the stand, and strolled into the street, pulling his gloves on leisurely as he went. At the first stand he came to he hailed a cab, and ordered the driver to Cannon Street. Arrived there, he halted the cab, paid the driver, and strolled into the offices of a friend of his who had business relations in many parts of the world. The business friend, a gentleman in a frock coat, a white waistcoat, a white hat, a bird's-eye necktie, and dog's-skin gloves, was lounging with his shoulders against the mantelpiece, and was using a part of a broken lucifer match as a toothpick when O'Rourke was shown into his room.

"There's a fellow I know," said O'Rourke, "who doesn't want to show up in the inquiry himself, has asked me to look into the stability of a Yankee firm. There's a place down here, isn't there, where they know all about that sort of thing?"

"There are one or two," said the business friend, lounging *insouciant*; "but I can tell you anything Yankee as well as they can. There's only one reliable book, and I have a copy of it."

"The name's Spry," said O'Rourke.

"Spry?" asked the business friend. "Where is he?"

"Well, there's a droll thing," cried the inquirer. "I don't believe Stringer mentioned where he was. And I was so stupid I forgot to ask him. He was a millionaire, or said to be. The Spry died six months ago."

"Oh, the bacon man, New York. Bacon, petroleum, corn. Yes. Did a great trade with Antwerp. Widow wound-up the business. Wait a bit. Let's have a look at him." He unlocked a safe, and drawing from it a bulky volume, banged it noisily upon a desk and began to turn over the leaves, muttering "New York. Spry. Spry. Yes," pointing with a dog-skin finger to the name. "Here he is. 'A. A. I. I. Credit, unlimited.' That's the man. But if anybody's pretending to trade in that name now, he's a humbug. Widow wound-up everything. They're trading under a new name—Walker, Kelsworth, Tyler, and Co. A. A. I. I again, no doubt; but there's no Spry any longer."

"What do you mean by A. A. I. I?" asked O'Rourke.

"It's the double superlative of A. I.," said the business friend.

"They lie about those Yankee fortunes very often; but they say old Spry was worth a couple of millions. Sterling. They called him a ten million man over there."

"Thanks," said O'Rourke; "I'm very much obliged to you."

"Look here!" said the business friend; "what about this dynamite affair? Come and have a sherry and bitters."

But O'Rourke declined alike the dynamite affair and the sherry and bitters. He was starting for the Continent by the night mail, and had to pack and write a score of letters.

"A. A. I. I," he said to himself as he walked homewards. "George, it is a very well played card, indeed, and I should not at all be sorry if you were to win with it."

CHAPTER XVII.

O'Rourke was a young man who had accustomed himself to play for large stakes with much coolness, and he rarely suffered himself to be excited. But the contemplation of Maskelyne's card filled him with unusual inquietude. If it had been less obvious than it was to Mr. O'Rourke's keen sighted intelligence he would have been less fluttered. He had said at first that the card was well played, but when he gave himself a little time to think he began to modify that opinion. The Dobroski pretence was a very poor one, and a much better and a more natural excuse than that might easily have been hit upon. It was so very improbable on the surface that Maskelyne should have an important message for Dobroski, and it was so very unnecessary to have an excuse for calling that on mature consideration O'Rourke began to think the card rather clumsily played than otherwise. He admitted that the manner was almost beyond caviar, and that his friend had looked beautifully unconscious. Even he himself could scarcely have improved upon the manner. But the machinery was poor—could hardly have been poorer.

Thus this capable young gentleman, carrying his head in his lantern—which is a habit with your egotist—saw odd things in what he took for daylight.

But he acknowledged that howsoever clumsily the card was played, it was a good one, and likely enough to win the game, if the game were anyhow to be won. Maskelyne knew perfectly well that he was not such an ass as to be off with the small heiress before he was on with the great one, and to have played his card at all indicated at least a hope, a possibility in his own mind, that this prodigious fortune and its owner might tumble into O'Rourke's hands. It was that clear and unmistakable fact which so fluttered the Patriot's nerves.

"He doesn't think I'm such a donkey as to throw over Miss Butler on the mere chance. He must hope that I should have luck with the prettyish widow. He's not a fool himself, and though drowning men will catch at straws, he must see some sort of hope for me there."

O'Rourke loved to formulate things to himself, to get them into actual words. He seemed to know then what his own thoughts were, and to be able to face them with certainty.

"He doesn't want money himself," he mused. "He has more than he knows what to do with already. And there are men who marry for sentiment even when they have no money of their own. Maskelyne needn't marry a very rich wife." He could make allowance for all sorts of human frailty, and had a theoretic understanding for an unselfish passion. "But what puts it into his head that I am likely to succeed with his Yankee widow? His own case is desperate enough, that's plain. He wants the girl. But he must think I have a chance. Why?"

Well, after all, the answer to that query was not so very far to seek. O'Rourke was a handsome man, and would have been a fool

not to know it. He had reason to be aware of the charm of his own manner, for he had exercised it on very unpromising subjects with success. Already he had a distinct position in the world of politics, and there was no society in the world which would not readily open its portals to him were he but blessed with such a fortune as that of the Yankee widow. Was it preposterous? Was it mad? He would see in any case whether the widow were open to attack. If she were, it should not be his fault if he did not succeed.

He had already packed his portmanteau, and in due time he sent out for a cab and drove to the Langham, carrying his simple baggage with him. Maskelyne received him, and wore his customary manner with perhaps an extra shade of gravity.

"You'll see Major Butler again, of course?" he said, whilst they were seated at table. "I shall write to him to night, but you'll assure him that I don't stay here because I want to, but because for the time being I can't help myself."

"You may be able to go back after all?" asked O'Rourke.

"I may be able to go back," said Maskelyne. "Yes." He had already written to Angela telling her of his discovery of Dobroski, and the manner of his reception of the photograph. Now he was hoping, though much against hope, that something in her answer might help him back to Housfay. "I don't know," he said, gravely and thoughtfully. "I may be able to go back."

"If I make good play with the Yankee widow," thought O'Rourke, but he said nothing on that score. "He plays like a gentleman." The young patriot, as much as other people, had his idea of how a gentleman ought to play. "He doesn't come blundering at me to bribe me openly. He affects to know nothing. Altogether he acts with delicacy and tact."

"And now for the lady," said Maskelyne, when the repast was over. "I must introduce you." He rang the bell, and on the servant's entry, bade him convey his compliments to Mrs. Spry, and to ask if it would be agreeable to her to receive him. "You may say," he added, "that Mr. O'Rourke is with me."

The man came back in a very little while to say that the lady would be pleased to receive Mr. Maskelyne and his friend, and led the way to a handsomely appointed sitting-room. The voice that cried "Come in," had a sort of purr in it. The lady before whom O'Rourke stood bowing a moment later was small and plump, and carried her head on one side with a pensive coquetry. She had large eyes, and a rather coquettish little nose, turned up at the tip. When she smiled she showed white, small, and regular teeth. Her hands were small, delicately white, and very helpless-looking.

"Prettyish!" said O'Rourke to himself. "She's worth a score of Miss Butler." But perhaps he saw her through an atmosphere of dollars. At all events, she deserved more than the adjective prettyish.

"Of course you know of Mr. O'Rourke already?" said Maskelyne. "He is one of the notabilities on this side the water, and is pretty often heard of on our own."

"I have the pleasure to know Mr. O'Rourke already," said the lady in her purring voice—soft, languid, American. "I heard him speak at New York. I was very much impressed by your address, Mr. O'Rourke."

O'Rourke smiled in his bright, half-boyish, altogether delightful way, and bowed a little. There are different sorts of American women, just as there are different sorts of women everywhere. It is a pity, but it is true, that there are American ladies who, though otherwise delightful, scream. This particular American lady did not scream, she murmured; and the murmur had a sound (though ever so little) of passing through her tip-tilted nose before it reached the ear of the auditor. Her new acquaintance pronounced her on the spot a charming woman, and there is not the slightest doubt in the world that he could have found thousands of people to agree with him in his verdict.

"You'll let me run away, won't you?" said the pretty young widow. "My maid's English, and as clumsy-handed as she knows how. We poor women think more about dress than you gentlemen do, and I shudder to think of what will happen unless I'm there. I shall be ready in time. I make a point of never being late. Mr. Maskelyne tells me, Mr. O'Rourke, that you're going to be so kind as see me over. I am so obliged. Shall I meet you at the railway station? Victoria. Three minutes after eight. I am so obliged."

She purred all this in pensive coquetry with her pretty head inclining to one shoulder, and her big eyes making havoc of O'Rourke all the time. Then with a shake of the hand for Maskelyne, and a curtsey for O'Rourke, she melted out of the room, still with "So obliged" humming through the pretty up-tilted little nose. The two men went back to the room in which they had dined, and there smoked a cigar, keeping silence for the most part, as old friends can do when they feel so inclined. Maskelyne thought of Angela, and of the swift way in which O'Rourke had come between her and himself. He tried with all his heart not to envy his friend, and failed dismally, but he resolved that neither he nor Angela should ever have the faintest guess of his wasted hopes, not knowing how well-informed both were with respect to his inward state. O'Rourke thought of Mrs. Spry, and the A. A. I. I, and credit unlimited. He thought how delightful it would be to have A. A. I. I, and credit unlimited, attached to his own name, and he even thought that, apart from the solid advantages she carried, Mrs. Spry was a very delightful and desirable person.

In due time they set out for the railway station, and in due time also they were joined there by the young widow, who wore a travelling dress of tweed, cut in such manner as to display her pretty figure to the best advantage, and a wondrously enticing little cap of tweed to match the costume, a cap with flaps to cover the ears, and a button to fasten the flaps on top, a miniature copy of the travelling cap frequently worn by gentlemen. She held out a purse in her little gloved hand to O'Rourke.

"Will you get me my ticket, Mr. O'Rourke? Brussels. My maid will see to herself."

O'Rourke took the purse and went away to the booking-office. The dainty little bit of Russia leather and gold seemed to tingle in his hand. He was not a fanciful man by nature, but he could not help the fancy that this surrender of the purse might be symbolical.

"And you won't think me too exacting, will you, Mr. O'Rourke, if I ask you to see after my luggage?" she said when O'Rourke returned to surrender the purse. "You will want it again. They always charge me excess for luggage everywhere. That is mine."

She indicated quite a respectable mountain of trunks and portmanteaus, and O'Rourke got a porter or two to weigh it and put it into the train, and, having secured the necessary acknowledgment, came back again.

"Oh, I am so obliged," said the little widow. "You don't know what a helpless creature I am, Mr. O'Rourke. I'm always travelling, but I never seem to get any better. I don't know what to do when I'm alone."

The bustle of departure began to grow rapid and urgent about them. Maskelyne shook hands and went his way, and O'Rourke and the charming widow found a carriage. It was empty, and the young man made no demur about accompanying the lady, and the lady gave no signs of displeasure at being accompanied. The train delaying for a minute he alighted and slipped half-a-crown into the hand of the guard. The guard gave immediate sign of intelligence, and following O'Rourke to the carriage, locked the door after him. Ten seconds later a frantic fat gentleman came and

tugged at the handle, and the guard opening another door, with a

"This way, sir," got rid of him.

"Dear me!" said the pretty widow. "They've locked the

door. That poor man can't get on to the cars."

"He's all right," returned O'Rourke after a glance out of window, during which he encountered a smile from the guard. "He has found a place in the next carriage." He congratulated himself on the expenditure of the half-crown.

There was still a soft twilight in the streets in which all objects could be clearly seen, but the gas was already alight within the station, and a lamp burned in the carriage roof.

"I don't think," said Mrs. Spry, "that women ought to be so helpless as they are. It's the fashion to be helpless. We can't get outside the fashion, can we now? But it's the tyranny of mankind that makes it."

"Don't you think," returned O'Rourke, with his bright face beaming and his manner at the same time full of gentlest deference, the sweetest good-humoured politeness, and gaiety in combination, "Don't you think that ladies tyrannise over us much more than we over them?"

"You don't think that," she returned, setting her little head rather more than ever on one side, and looking at him out of her big, expressive eyes. "You don't really think it, Mr. O'Rourke."

"I think it," declared O'Rourke, and at that instant the train began to glide out of the station. "But, for my own part, I don't object to the tyranny."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Spry, with pensive purr, "that's flattery, Mr. O'Rourke. We feel it sometimes. The constant necessity for an arm to lean on is humiliating. Really now it is. I feel it so."

It was a little early in the day to offer his own arm for her to lean on, but what with the intoxicating knowledge of the dollars, and the widow's way of looking at him, O'Rourke could almost have found it in his heart to do it. After the recent gloom of shadows in the station it seemed almost daylight again. She leaned back in her seat and busied herself in a leisurely way with the fastening of a many-buttoned glove, and by and by, having done no more than undo several buttons which were already fastened in the attempt to fasten one that was undone, she leaned forward and offered the task to O'Rourke, who, drawing off his own gloves, essayed it with indifferent success, glancing now and then at the lady's eyes, which were necessarily closer to his own than they had been. The arm revealed by the escaping buttons was the plumpest, the whitest, and most satiny, and the young man became conscious of a desire to squeeze it—the which he nobly suppressed.

"Isn't she making the running a little?" he said to himself. "Or is it her way?" He was not versed in the ways of women, though on the rare occasions in which he found himself in their society they made a great favourite of him.

He made such poor progress that in a while the lady withdrew her arm, and after searching for a time in one of the pockets of her travelling costume, produced a small morocco case, from which she drew a tiny buttonhook of mother-of-pearl and gilt steel, which she handed to her companion. To use this implement with advantage O'Rourke felt himself justified in taking the plump arm in his left hand, to hold it steady, and at moments of supreme interest, when a refractory button was almost conquered, he held the arm with a somewhat unnecessary tightness. Mrs. Spry leaning forward with head sideways poised to watch the process, and O'Rourke leaning forward to perform it, their heads were naturally in somewhat close proximity, and whenever a button was actually compelled to submit O'Rourke looked up in triumph, and met the glance of the large eyes point blank. In dealing with the last button—for he was extremely unskilful and unaccustomed—he got a bit of the white arm between the button and the hook and pinched it. The lady screamed. O'Rourke ejaculated pity, apology, and distress. The widow whipped off the glove with an unexpectedly dexterous motion of the fingers, and scrutinised the injured spot, which was quite as large as a very small type capital O, and O'Rourke respectfully took her hand and scrutinised the wound with her, murmuring regrets. Then the lady produced a little gold scent bottle, and whilst her companion held the injured member steady—with both hands this time, because the gravity of the case demanded it—she dressed the wound with Eau de Cologne.

This in a little time, when the first extreme of dolour was assuaged, necessarily led to a repetition of the former service, which having this time to be gone through with extra care took longer than ever. When the whole business was at an end O'Rourke felt curiously unemployed, and would willingly have begun over again. The noise and motion of the train made conversation a jerky and uneasy thing, and the brilliant Irishman beneath the American lady's gaze felt almost ill at ease once or twice. After all that glove-buttoning he felt as if he were out in the cold again—put out of favour as suddenly as he had been taken into it.

"Upon my word," he told himself, "I could fall in love with that little woman. I believe I could fall in love with her if she hadn't a penny."

It is undeniable that Mrs. Spry had an attraction for him of a sort which Angela had never exerted, quite apart from the intoxicating auriferous atmosphere which surrounded the American lady. Whilst O'Rourke thought, letting his fancies wander further and wider than common, he looked now and again at his travelling companion, who was pensively coiled in her corner, her plump cheek just caressing the finger tips of the glove he had fastened, and her eyes now and again raised to meet his own. It was never the lady but always the gentleman who was embarrassed when their glances met, and O'Rourke, who was utterly unaccustomed to any sense of shyness, resented it, and felt angry with himself because, perhaps for the first time in his life, it assailed him now. The glove-buttoning had made the first part of the journey pass by in the most rapid and agreeable manner, but now, in spite of the pleasing excursions fancy made, the time crawled so newhat.

(To be continued)



"CAMILLA'S GIRLHOOD," by Linda Villari (2 vols.; T. Fisher Unwin), is a novel of more than ordinary ambition; and, though it certainly falls short of its apparent aims, it must be regarded as sufficiently successful on the whole. Its sensational and melodramatic introduction is decidedly unpromising. But it is essential to the main and subsequent plot, to which no similar objection applies. Indeed, throughout, the latter objection would lie rather in the contrary direction, on the score of too great a tendency to the chronicling of small beer, to reiteration, and to needless details. But then this must be regarded as to a great extent inseparable from a story that attempts to treat a family history in the manner of a complete *comédie humaine*. These relations and friends are well-nigh past counting, and are of infinite variety. Moreover they are all kept sharply distinct, and their different characters develop naturally into the various destinies of their lives. Camilla herself is a heroine of a rather new pattern—a sort of Undine who has to wait for her soul, only without any of the usual practical attributes to such a character. The authoress has distributed the force she undoubtedly possesses very fairly, on the whole, over all her

dramatis persona, whether serious or humorous; but she has given double measure to her arch-villain, Mrs. Ives—a fascinating lady, who becomes an Austrian spy for the sake of passion and vengeance, and conceals her real vocation under that of a decorative painter. How far the plot stretches in its scope may be judged from its containing, as episodes, interviews with Mazzini and the Schleswig-Holstein War. It is by no means easy to review in a short space a work that covers so wide a field of life and character, and on the whole with so much ability. That it is never tedious and never trivial would be too much to say. Yet the construction is so well managed that it would be exceedingly difficult to suggest an alteration that could be made with advantage.

"Steyneville: or Fated Fortunes," by Hélène E. A. Gingold (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), is described on the title page as "Being the Memoirs of an Unextraordinary Man." But, if an unextraordinary man, he was—no doubt like many who grow up to belie their original promise—a decidedly extraordinary boy. At the age of nine, he tells us, "Not only was I advanced in the study of three or four sciences, but I spoke French and German fluently; rode well, fenced better, and wrote execrable Latin verses." Moreover he was always the most virtuous of beings, and as beautiful as a dream. The story is laid in the reign of Queen Anne; and of course Miss Gingold has read her "Esmond." "Dicky" Steele, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Pope, Prior, and so forth are introduced for the sake of being mentioned, and to give the proper historical flavouring by means of their names: for the rest, they would have been better omitted, for any legitimate purpose they serve. With the slightest alteration in costume, and with a few "by Joves" substituted for the "Sdeaths," the period would serve for to-day's just as well as for Queen Anne's. By the way, we should be glad of the writer's authority for making schoolboys call one another "Bricks" and "Cads" nearly two centuries ago. With plenty of faults, however, the novel has considerable merit, and is certainly interesting. One or two of the characters are drawn firmly and boldly, notably "My Lord" Alingdale, atheist, roué, and generous-hearted gentleman, and Colonel Death, one of Marlborough's soldiers. If the novel is a first work it is one of promise, the main defect being a want of saturation with the characteristics of the period chosen.

"Mrs. Hollyer," by Georgiana M. Craik (3 vols.: R. Bentley and Son), is fairly written, but is by no means lively to read. Incident, even of the most trivial sort, is to be looked for in vain, the volumes being composed of long-winded conversations, wherein the same commonplace ideas and opinions are wearisomely iterated and reiterated over and over again. The construction is slovenly to the last degree. The reader is introduced to a number of persons in the first volume, and told everything they say, think, or feel; and then, when their volume is over, they disperse, and nothing is heard of more than some four of them again. The scheme of the novel—plot or story it can hardly be called—is based upon love *versus* flirtation, which may be regarded by many readers as an inherent attraction. We cannot fairly credit the work with any other, beyond that its style is better than that of fiction in general.

"A Lost Son and the Glover's Daughter," by M. Linskill (1 vol.: T. Fisher Unwin), is a slight story, of no particular originality or interest, but told with much freshness and pathos. It is slightly of the "goody" type, but not aggressively so; and it runs a great deal too much into poetical quotation. The heroine, for example, always breaks out into other people's verse whenever she is strongly moved. On the whole the volume deserves much more praise than blame. The story is certainly not the less pleasant for being slight and simple; one, at least, of the characters, an old jeweller in a country town, is an excellent, if rather conventional, portrait, and the minor characters, though shadowy, are sketched delicately. And at least one scene, between the jeweller and Agnes, the girl whom his good-for-nothing son loves, after the latter becomes penitent, is very beautifully drawn.

"The Wine of Life," a Story, by J. Newcome (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), would have been much more appropriately termed life's milk-and-water. It is very mild fiction indeed. By the wine is meant friendship, according to the motto from the "Night Thoughts" on the title-page: and certainly something even professing strength is needful to make endurable the diversions, whether for pleasure or for mischief, at the village of Capelfair. The story, such as there is, can scarcely be said to begin until the volume is nearly three quarters through, all that goes before being devoted to sketches of hopelessly uninteresting and immaterial people, to accounts of penny readings where everybody performed exceedingly well, a very commonplace picnic on a mountain, a long account of how a young man compiled a love-letter out of "Henrietta Temple," and various other matters which at any rate prove the capacity of the author himself for being exceptionally easy to interest and amuse. And when at last he does get hold of his story, he seems unable to know what to do with it, and nervously hurries it to its end well-nigh as soon as it shows the first symptom of threatening to begin.

WIESBADEN AS IT WAS

WHEN I first began to frequent Wiesbaden five-and-twenty years ago, Nassau was still a Duchy, and its sovereign ruler, far from foreseeing the future invasion of his dominions by Prussian Pickelhauben, and his consequent expulsion from the "dulcia arva" extending from the Rhine to the Taunus, enjoyed his daily drive through the Nerothal, and presided over festivities at his hunting seat, "Die Platte." If, however, we may judge from appearances, the change from an independent State to a comparatively unimportant fraction of the German Empire has nowise affected either the prosperity of the town or the easy-going placidity of its inhabitants, who smoke their long pipes and quaff their Actien-Bier at the *Bietenmühle* without seemingly caring two straws under what paternal government they are graciously permitted to do so. To them the presence or absence of a "Durchlaucht" is a matter of profound indifference. His Serene Highness may have taken himself off, bag and baggage, but they are none the worse for it; on the contrary, within the last few years the aspect of the place has materially improved, new streets, lined with trees as on the Parisian boulevards, have sprung up in every quarter, and spacious hotels, all more or less thriving, already dispute the supremacy of the old-established "Quarter Sessions" and the "Rose."

Unlike Baden, Homburg, and even Ems, Wiesbaden could never be appropriately termed cosmopolitan; it had its visitors, certainly, from all parts of Europe, but for one reason or another they seldom remained long. When they had inspected the "lions" of the neighbourhood, admired or criticised the Russian church on the hill, picnicked at Sonnenberg, and—probably—tried their luck at the tables, they with one accord voted the place dull, and were speedily *en route* for the more congenial Homburg as fast as the train could carry them. Nay, even those insatiable explorers of highways and byways, our own countrymen, streaming in shoals across sunny Rhineland, from August to mid-September, found small inducement to prolong their stay in a locality where everybody spoke German, and nothing else. Now and then, perhaps, you met a stray Frenchman looking unutterably bored, and doubtless wondering how he came there. Indeed, except M. Chevet at less wondering how he came there. Indeed, except M. Chevet at the Kursaal restaurant, and the inevitable Siraudin, gayest and kindest of vaudevillists, who, regularly made the tour from Cologne to Strasburg every summer, I hardly remember a single representative of the "grande nation" who—unless he had lost all his money

at roulette, and couldn't get away—remained an hour longer than he could possibly help.

Talking of Siraudin reminds me of an anecdote I was once told concerning him. A fellow dramatist, who had just completed a farce destined for one of the minor theatres, consulted him as to the title he should give it—something that would look well in the bills.

"Ah," said M. Siraudin, "let me see. Have you a drum in your piece?"

"A drum!" repeated the astonished author. "Good gracious! No!"

"Nor a trumpet?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, my good friend, nothing is easier. Call it *Sans Tambour ni Trompette*."

To one class of visitors, however, the preponderance of the German element in the society of the place was totally indifferent, namely, to the invalids, who knew little about it, and cared less. Beyond an hour's airing in a Bath-chair of an afternoon through the gardens of the Anlage, varied by an occasional inspection of the crystals and buckhorn ornaments exposed for sale in the colonnade, they rarely ventured further than the hot spring where they imbibed their morning draught, and the tiny plot of ground in front of the "Rose," where most of them were quartered. From eleven to half-past twelve A.M., any one passing along the corridors of that very comfortable hostelry was sure to meet strange specimens of humanity in dressing-gown and slippers, hurrying to their rooms after the matutinal bath in order to prepare their toilette for the early *table d'hôte*, the signal for which was a fearfully ear-splitting bell, which might have been heard a quarter of a mile off. Many of the patients, the majority of whom were English, might almost be called fixtures, for they came every year, occupied the same rooms, and formed a select society of their own, altogether independent of the outer world, with which, exclusively absorbed by their personal ailments, they had little or no communion.

On Sundays and holidays the floating population was strongly reinforced by an influx of excursionists, chiefly of the Jewish persuasion, from Frankfurt to Mainz; on these occasions not only the playrooms, but also the adjoining promenades, were crowded to excess by a multitude of pleasure-seekers, at whose approach the dismayed occupants of the Bath-chairs beat a rapid retreat, and were seen no more. For these invaders Herr Bela, the leader of the band reserved his noisiest overtures and most inspiring polkas; every restaurant and beer establishment in the town drove a roaring trade, and the Milanese waiter of the Kursaal who presided over the ices was in such constant request that long before the last train had departed, and Wiesbaden was left to itself again, he had literally not a leg to stand on.

The suppression of the gaming tables has naturally effected a far more radical change in the social aspect of this favourite spa than its amalgamation with the Empire, and has purged it of all those questionable frequenters for whom the board of green cloth was its only charm. At the period of which I write, however, play was in full swing; the lessee of the bank being a certain Baron von Wellens, whose staff of *employés*, twenty or thirty in number, were chiefly, if not entirely, of German nationality. Among the players were several curious types, some of whom visitors of those days may still remember; and notably the stout Russian who rented a villa near the Kursaal, and never missed a *séance* at roulette. He was generally accompanied by his wife, a showily-dressed dame who stood placidly by while he put his money on a favourite number, and each time proclaimed aloud the amount of his stake for the benefit of the gallery, after the fashion of Mr. O'Leary at Frascati in "Harry Lorrequer."

Another constant *habitué* was a Secretary of Legation, an importunate son of Albion, who invariably occupied the same chair, and seldom risked one of the double Fredericks symmetrically arranged in rows before him without as profoundly weighing the possible consequences of the act as if he were meditating on the *pros* and *cons* of some intricate combination. Nor must the Italian be forgotten, whose method consisted in stealthily approaching the table as if anxious to escape notice, and placing a bank note on red or black, as the case might be. This done, he slunk away, his clenched fists firmly pressed on his ears that he might not hear the result of the deal; then, presently turning round to ascertain whether his stake were doubled or swept away, either retraced his steps to pocket his winnings, or rushed out of the room with a meridional gesture of despair.

Here, as at all other establishments of the kind, the inhabitants were strictly forbidden to play at the tables; the punishment for so doing being a fine of fifty florins for the first offence, a hundred for the second, and for the third six months' incarceration in the town prison. An anecdote—*si non è vero, è ben trovato*—is related of a certain Herr Schnapper, a native of Wiesbaden, who, having realised a snug little fortune as a tailor in London, returned to his birthplace, and either from ignorance of the veto, or sheer forgetfulness, occasionally tried his luck at roulette. This was remarked by a fellow-townsmen, Weinmüller by name, who lost no time in communicating his discovery to the authorities, before whom the offender was summoned to appear, and mulcted in the sum of fifty florins, half of which, according to custom, was paid to the informer. For some months after this unpleasant occurrence Herr Schnapper refrained from indulging in his fondness for play; but one afternoon, when he thought himself unobserved, he could not resist the temptation of placing a florin on "zéro," which, unluckily as it turned out, came up. While he was engaged in transferring the proceeds to his pocket, Herr Weinmüller, happening to stroll in, at once spotted the culprit, and again denounced him, receiving fifty florins out of the hundred as his share of the spoil. Meanwhile the ex-tailor, having succeeded in ascertaining the name of his betrayer, determined to take the bull by the horns, and on their first meeting coolly reminded him that a third denunciation would entail on the informer one moiety of the penalty, namely, three months in the town prison. "Three for me and three for you, my good friend," he added; "share and share alike." It is not recorded that either Herr Weinmüller or any one else cared to run the risk; so that, if roulette had not become a thing of the past at Wiesbaden, and Herr Schnapper has not yet "shuffled off this mortal coil," he might in all probability be playing there still.

C. H.



MUCH as the public owes to its "own correspondents," everybody prefers the narrative, albeit less artistic, of a real combatant. Hence, despite all that has been published about Mr. Gladstone's miserable war, the interest in books like "Suakin, 1885" (Kegan Paul), is still unexhausted. "Suakin" is a sketch of the year's campaign by an officer who was through it all till he went into hospital after Tamai; and it is as heavy an indictment as could indirectly be laid against all concerned in the shilly-shally struggle which brought so much deserved odium on the Government. Of course in military failures the Commissariat is always the scapegoat; and certainly there is no excuse for the "iron rations" of vile salt bouilli, which bred

dysentery and scurvy, when, six miles off, there was plenty of fresh meat, with abundance of ice to pack it in; nor for "the nasty biscuits, as hard as steel;" nor for the leaky water barrels of the Camel Corps, and the 40,000 gallons buried in tanks in the zarebas, while the men had the mockery of two pints a day for all purposes. But still the whole arrangement of the campaign—the marching about wherever Osman Digma chose to lead; the desperate effort at Hasheen, which gained no prestige and effected no result whatever; the haphazard way in which unguarded convoys were exposed to possible attacks; the pitching of the temporary camp amid the stench of an Arab burying ground—many more little points which crop out unawares in our officer's story seem to show, not only that "some-one had blundered" at the outset, but that the blundering went on all through; while the system which supplied bayonets of soft iron, and rifles that, owing to the form of the cartridge, were sure to get jammed, is simply shameful. Mismanagement is not new in our military annals; but this mismanagement is redeemed by nothing save the endurance of Tommy Atkins and his Indian brother. We had our panics; but such coolness as the 49th, the 28th, and the Sikhs showed when furiously beset one Sunday afternoon by ten times their number, is something to be proud of. Another side-light (and the dark picture certainly wants them all), is the behaviour of the New South Wales Contingent. "Bravo Australia!" expresses the feeling of the whole nation, as well as of the troops who turned out to welcome the redcoats from the Antipodes.

The McGill College Fotheringham Professor's "Handbook of Psychology" (London: A. Gardner; Montreal: Dawson) gives in a convenient form all the latest results of modern science applied to the phenomena of mind. Dr. Clarke Murray, while insisting on consciousness as something *sui generis*, admits the auxiliary value of physiological studies. For his general classification he goes back to Kant (who owed his method to Wolf and Leibnitz); but he comes down to "psychical research;" to Fechner, whose so-called "psychophysical law," that "to make sensations differ in intensity in the ratio of an arithmetical series, their stimuli must differ in the ratio of a geometrical series," we are glad he is too sober-minded to endorse; and to the quite recent treatises of Mr. Sully and Mr. Greenleaf Thompson. His chapter on "Determinism and Freedom of the Will" is a singularly clear and temperate statement of a question which is apt to provoke heat in those who handle it. More than once he has occasion to criticise Dr. Bain; his aim, however, was not to criticise but to furnish a useful manual for the Montreal students. We think he has succeeded; indeed we feel sure that his work will make its way among students on this side of the Atlantic.

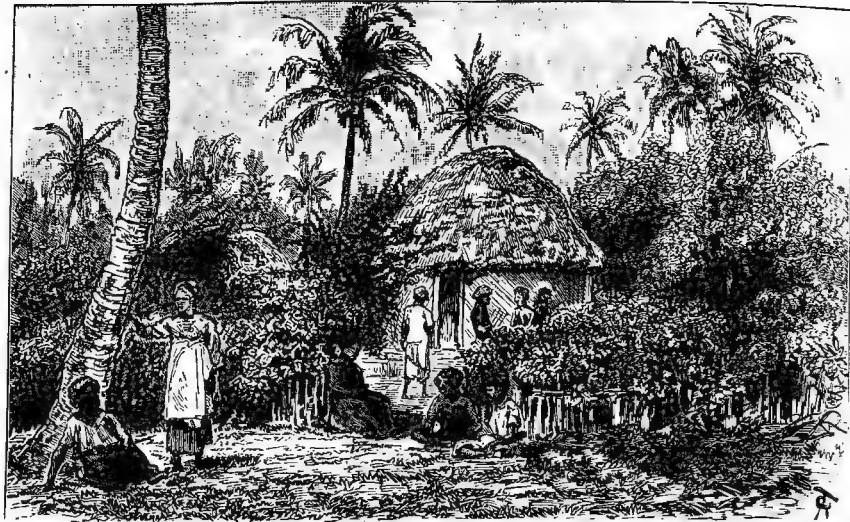
We have no intention of putting Mr. Jas. Cappon's "Victor Hugo, a Memoir and a Study" (Blackwood), in the balance with the "Life," by Mr. Barnett Smith, so recently reviewed in these columns. He who has read them both has not read the last word about the great poet of Romanticism whom some of our smaller critics are seeking to belittle. Both books have their value. Mr. Smith, anecdotal rather than critical, gives more personal details, drawing largely from Madame Hugo's "Hugo Raconte," and embodying a good deal of contemporary French panegyric. Mr. Cappon, an admirer as discriminating as he is fervent, treats the separate works in detail, giving a close and thoughtful analysis of several of them, and making a separate estimate of Hugo as a poet, dramatist, a novel-writer, and a social politician. Everywhere he sees his hero's weak points, and recognises the limitations under which his genius worked. Thus, in spite of the *purpurei panni* of "Les Misérables," &c., he admits that the novel suited him less even than the drama; unlike Dickens, George Eliot, and Tourgenieff, he never knew when to hold his hand; "even for the most sympathetic reader the real value of his thought is, if not quite lost, impaired by the choice of a form unsuitable to his talent." What he says of the "Legende des Siècles" is equally fair, though this (of which we are promised a final instalment), is to his thinking Hugo's grandest work. He calls it "the great democratic legend that Shelley would fain have written." His fairness is shown in the confession that Hugo, despite the Germanism which was in the air, is thoroughly wanting in the philosophic faculty, while "his epigrams lack the best French flavour, and betray that air of effort which mars much of his literary work." It is seldom that a French subject is handled in such masterly style by one whose mind is so thoroughly saturated with the literature of the country.

The fourth volume of Mr. John Ormsby's "Don Quixote" (Smith and Elder) finishes what we have already characterised as not only in print and paper, but also in more essential points, a worthy translation of the great Spanish romance. We quite agree with Mr. Ormsby that the ending of Don Quixote is so weak as to be unworthy of its author. This opinion is expressed in the last of his notes, which are always so much to the point that now and then we wish there had been a few more of them. The appendices contain the proverbs of Don Quixote; a bibliography—much completer than Mr. Ormsby's modesty will allow; and a very interesting essay on "Spanish Romances of Chivalry," in which the question is discussed whether Amadis is or is not indigenous.

Since Hazlitt set the example of whitewashing the black sheep of history, not only Richard III. and Henry VIII. but the worst Roman Emperors have found apologists. Mr. John Vickers is determined to do for Herod what Professor Beesly and others have done for Tiberius and Nero. Dean Stanley, in his "Lectures," made a move in the same direction; but Archdeacon Farrar has since thrown the influence of Westminster into the opposite scale, and speaks of the great Judean as a monster of cruelty and insolent lust. Mr. Vickers thinks that, compared with his Asmonean predecessors and with the Roman Governors who followed him, Herod was rather distinguished for humanity than for cruelty. He describes him as a good deal like the typical Englishman, frank, courageous, often needlessly distrustful, blundering withal, and easily circumvented, and given to panics under the influence of which he is capable of great cruelty. Herod's misfortune was that, "instead of ruling a loyal, homogeneous people, he had at Jerusalem a hornets' nest, while his marriage with Mariamne, instead of conciliating the Jews, simply introduced a traitor into his house." Of course he used torture; we did the same till quite recent times; and he was constantly duped, shrewd though he was, by forged letters and false witness. We cannot follow Mr. Vickers through his elaborate arguments, *e.g.*, as to whether Aristobulus was accidentally drowned, or "dipped to death" by his father's orders; but we admit the untrustworthiness of the prejudiced Josephus, and join in our author's regret that the "History" of Nicolaus, Herod's Prime Minister, has perished. Archdeacon Farrar says: "Nicolaus was to Herod what Velleius Paterculus was to Tiberius;" but Mr. Vickers thinks the Archdeacon's bad opinion is due to Nicolaus's silence about the Bethlehem massacre. That is just the difference between Mr. Vickers and the world in general. He thinks Herod has been maligned "in order to render less incredible certain monstrous Church legends;" while he is sure that Ewald was led to sympathise with the Jewish Nationalists, and therefore to blacken Herod, because he was a Bismarck-hating Hanoverian patriot. He scouts the idea of the general massacre with which we are taught that Herod desired to signalise his death; nor can he be persuaded that his hero "behaved like a Bluebeard to the washful Mariamne." This "History of Herod" (Williams and Norgate), "another look at a man emerging from twenty centuries of calumny," deserves careful reading, all the more because (as Dean Stanley remarked), whereas David was his own *vates sacer*, Herod enshrined his pathetic penitence in no Psalms. Mr. Vickers several times goes to Ireland for his illustrations; and there is a touch of humour in the comparison of Josephus to



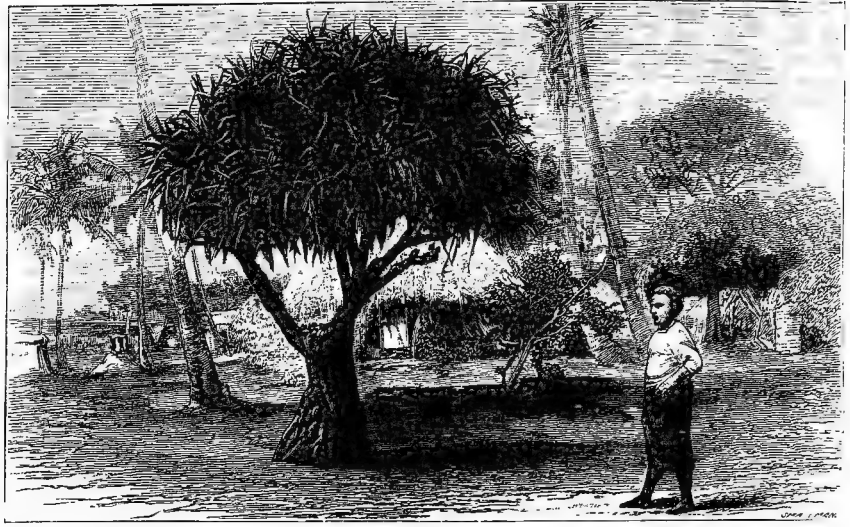
A LARGE TREE AT NUKUALOFA, TONGA ISLANDS



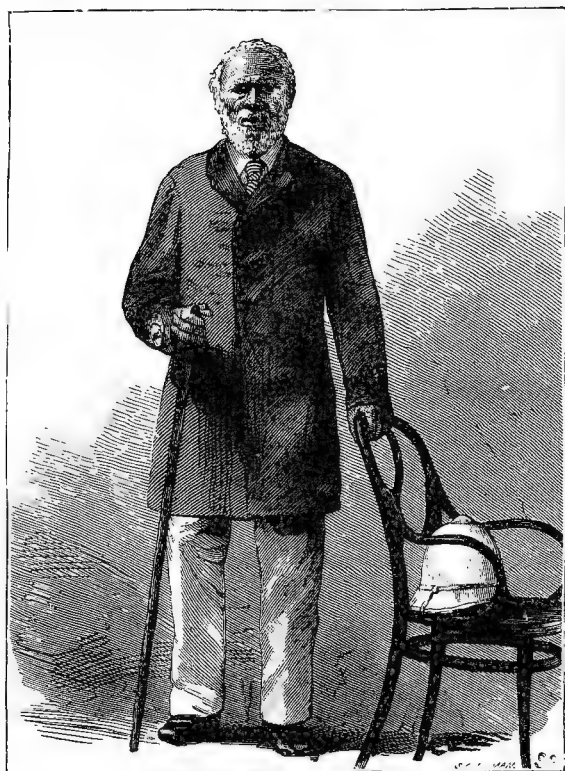
A TONGAN VILLAGE, VAVAU, TONGA ISLANDS



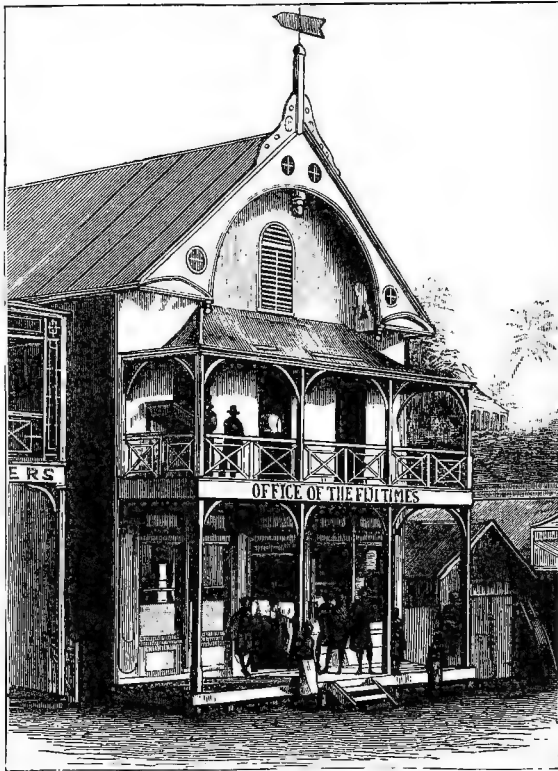
LOADING CANE IN A SUGAR FIELD, FIJI ISLANDS



PANDANUS TREE, TONGATABU, TONGA ISLANDS



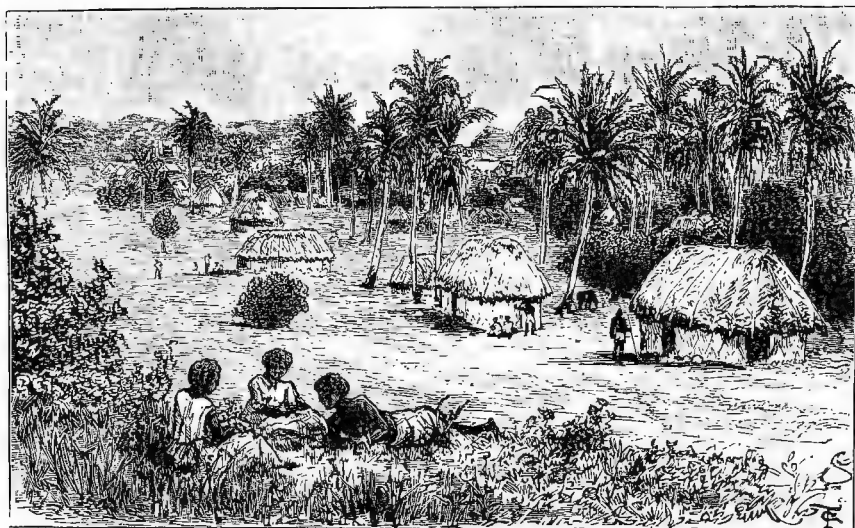
KING GEORGE OF TONGA



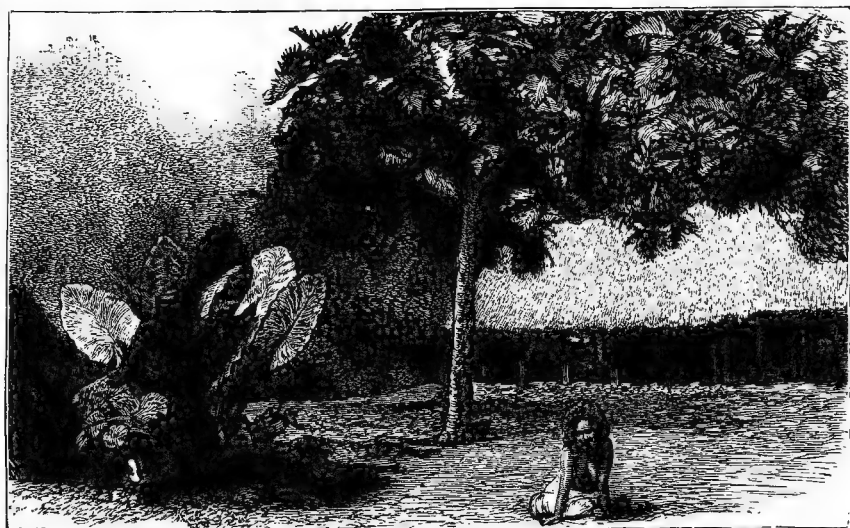
OFFICE OF THE "FIJI TIMES," LEVUKA, FIJI ISLANDS



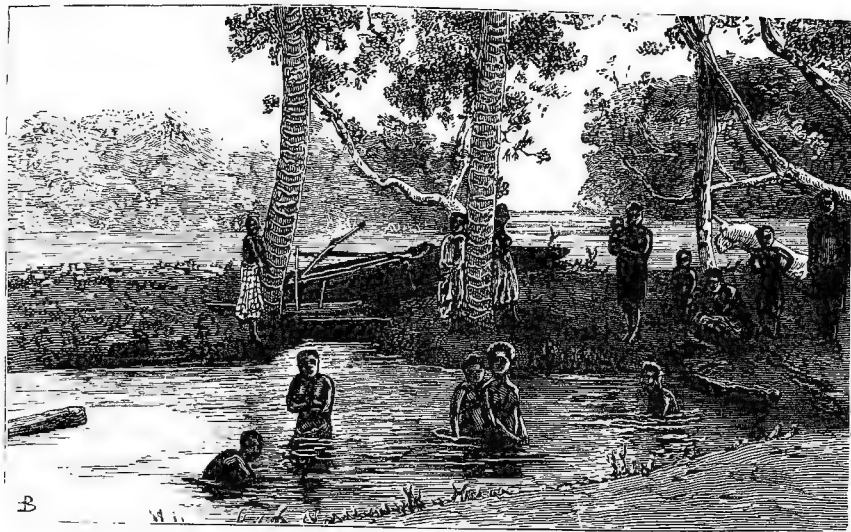
PRINCESS ANAZIENE, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF PRINCE GEORGE OF TONGA



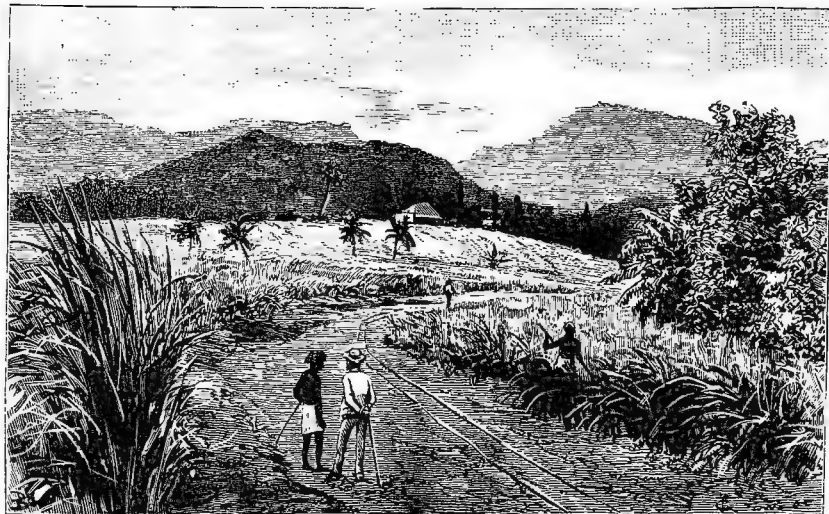
A VILLAGE AT NUKUALOFA, TONGA ISLANDS



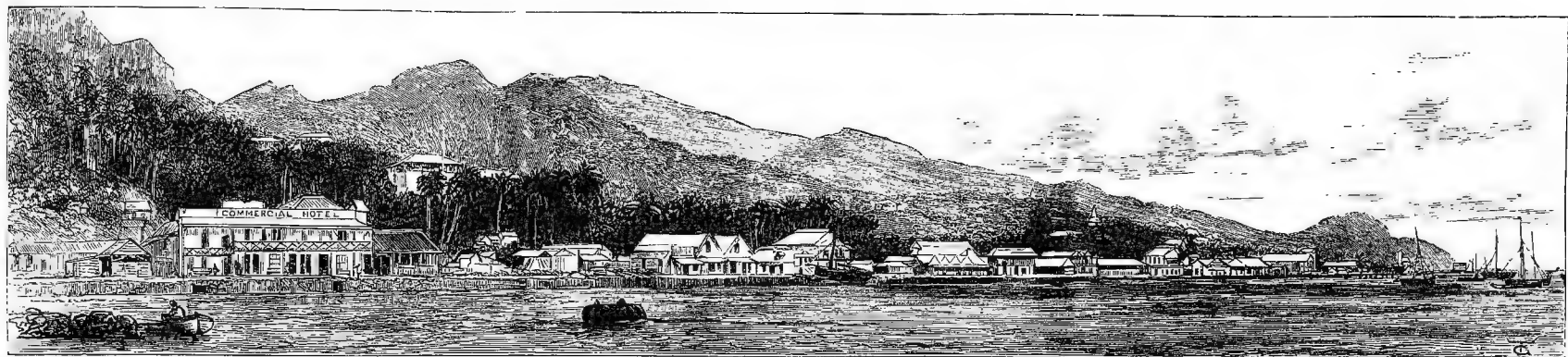
A VILLAGE, SAMOAN ISLANDS



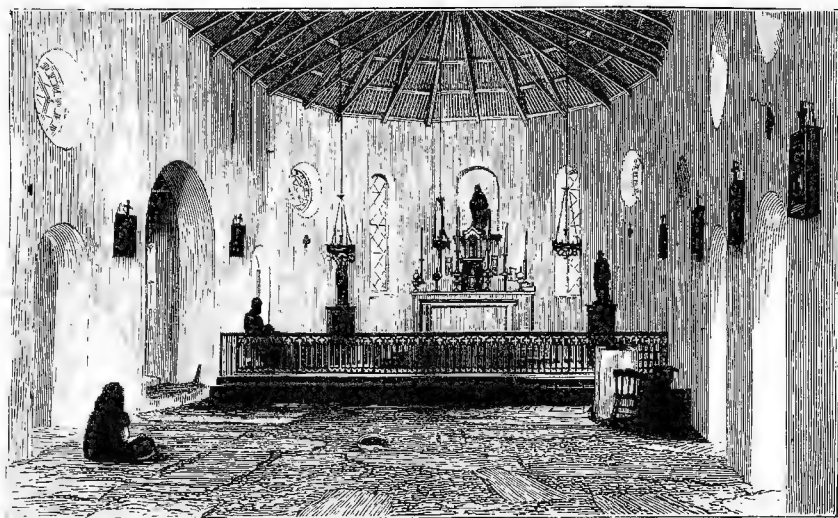
GIRLS BATHING, FIJI



A SUGAR FIELD, FIJI ISLANDS



LEVUKA, FIJI ISLANDS



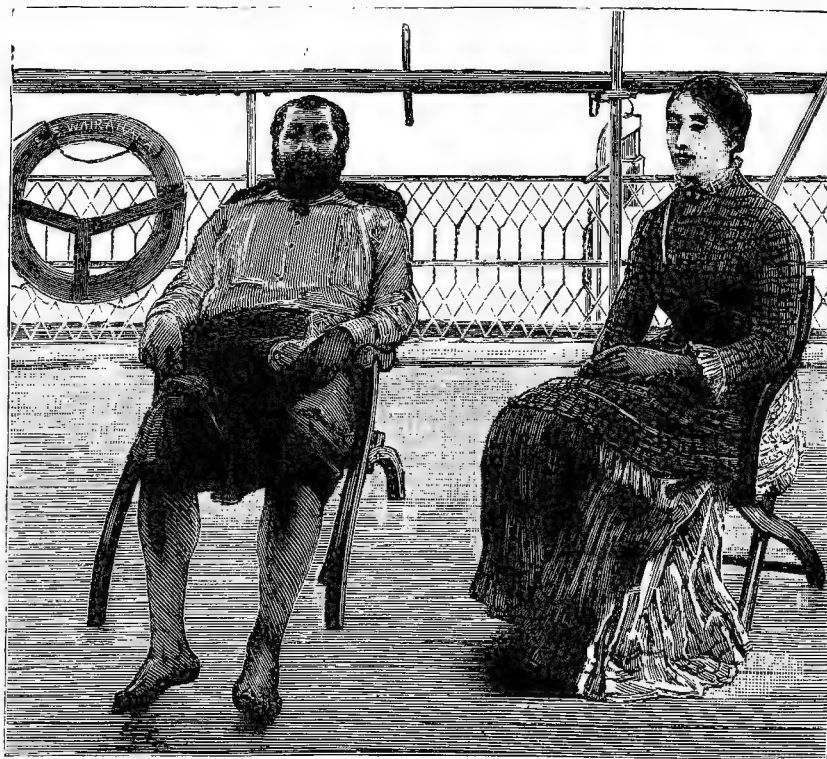
ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION CHURCH, APIA, SAMOAN ISLANDS



NATIVES OF SUVA, FIJI ISLANDS



PANGO HARBOUR, SAMOAN ISLANDS



THAKAMBAU ON BOARD THE "WAIRARAPA," LEVUKA, FIJI ISLANDS

an Irish Nationalist who, while flattering living Englishmen, enlarges on England's tyranny in bygone days.

One of the most interesting books we have seen for a long time is Mr. Robert Monteith's "Discourse on the Shedding of Blood and the Laws of War" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.); and in it one of the most interesting facts is David Urquhart's conversion to National Law by a Mussulman peasant, one of the soldiers in a fort cut off in 1827 by the usual Russian device of making a forward movement before war was declared. Mr. Monteith, however (whose son, before publishing his "Discourse," laid it at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff) invokes higher authority than Mr. Urquhart to support his project of an International Council which shall decide when war is in any particular case justifiable. St. Augustine, St. Bernard, the Council of Trent, speak the same language as Grotius, Bossuet, Shakespeare, the Carmen Fatale, and the Mussulman Laws. The strangest thing is to find Dr. Congreve joining in asking the Pope to allow a Diplomatic College to be founded at Rome for teaching the Law of Nations, *i.e.*, for throwing the Papal axis round the principle of Arbitration. Certain it is that Europe will not be able to stand against America and Australia if she insists on sinking herself under the monstrous burden of an armed peace. For England Mr. Monteith finds a possible Fætal College in the Privy Council, so long dwarfed by an uncontrolled and still legally unrecognised Cabinet. To the action of the Cabinet we owe most of our wars—notably the first China War and the Persian War of 1857—since Lord Palmerston in 1839 completely extinguished the Law of Nations by sending an army into Afghanistan despite the indignant protest of the East India Company. Sometimes generals have made wars; one remembers Napier's punning justification of his disobedience—"Peccavi; I have Sinned." Mr. C. D. Collet (one of the many "Adherents" whose letters form a valuable Appendix) is quite right in saying that if Mr. Gladstone had been obliged to draw up a statement of the Case before bombarding Alexandria there would have been no Egyptian Expedition. Lord Stanley of Alderley thinks that had the Pope clearly defined what makes war differ from brigandage, some Catholic officers might have sacrificed their career rather than share in that Expedition.

THE STROLLING PLAYER

Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with affliction vain;
Not warned by misery, not enriched by gain;
Whom Justice pitying, chides from place to place,
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy lovers with repining hearts. . . .
Alternate times of fasting and excess,
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.

SUCH is the faithful and striking picture drawn from the life that homely George Crabbe has given us of the strollers who used to frequent his Suffolk village, and the picture is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago. The strolling player has been food for ridicule and contemptuous pity from the days when Scarron wrote his *Roman Comique* until—well, it would be difficult to say who last touched upon the subject. Romancists, however, have either burlesqued or idealised these wanderers, and the best of novels that take the stage for their scene abound in absurdities and false pictures that are patent enough to any one conversant with the realities. Those who would know what the wandering actor's life was like in its humour, its pathos, its hard, sordid realism must turn to Charlotte Charke's memoirs, to Riley's "Itinerant," and other such faithful chronicles of the race.

Wonderful must be the glamour the dramatic art casts upon its votaries to have nerved them to endure the miseries of their lot. Whenever the enemies of the stage have wished to cast an insult upon it they have called its members rogues and vagabonds, ignorant that the legitimate actor was never so stigmatised, and that the much-misquoted Act of Elizabeth applied only to that class of players who strolled about the country, performing in barns or inn yards and tents, sometimes with, sometimes without, a magistrate's license. The veritable stroller, although in the old times he occasionally passed into the higher grades of his profession, sometimes even into Drury Lane or Covent Garden, must not be confounded with the old theatrical manager and the old actor we have previously touched upon in these columns; many of the latter were poor enough, but they were recognised institutions in the towns they visited, and were treated with a certain respect; but the stroller was a veritable vagabond, often shoeless and in rags, and he seldom ventured into towns that were much above villages in size; he was lucky if he could secure an old barn for a theatre; then a few rough planks and trestles would suffice for stage and auditorium, while some ragged old curtains draped at the back of the former, and a pair to draw in front, were all the scenic appliances at his command. Sometimes even the stage had to be dispensed with, and actors and audience were all on one level—the mud floor of the barn. A ladder, perhaps masked in by a bit of ragged canvas, had frequently to suffice for Juliet's balcony; poised upon a rung, and grasping the side for support, Capulet's daughter would in vain attempt to lean her cheek upon her hand, while Romeo, like a second Lear, would rhapsodise with the pitiless storm pouring down upon him from a hole in the roof, until his feet stuck so fast in the clay that he had to leave his boots behind as a *memento amoris*. As

to wardrobe—well, one shirt and one pair of stockings between two was full of kings and queens and nobles.

"I have seen," writes Charlotte Charke, "an emperor as drunk as a lord, a queen with one ruffle, Lord Townley without shoes, or only apologies for them, and the Queen in *The Spanish Friar* obliged to duck and stoop about from side to side to conceal the absence of stockings, which she had good-naturedly lent to some one else." A biographer of Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, describes how the Widow Brady was played in a costume that consisted only of a pair of high-heeled shoes, a nether garment, and a long great coat, how Captain Plume could not appear until he had borrowed a pair of yellow plush breeches from the rector's footman; and how when the company moved, each member had to carry a portion of the wardrobe or scenery upon his or her back, the share of the future Countess being the big drum.

Their social status in the places they visited may be easily imagined. At times not even the humblest cottage would give them lodging, in consequence of a knack they had of disappearing at the end of their stay without settling with their landlords. Literal starvation was frequently their lot. When the great John Philip Kemble, who a few years afterwards was the friend of dukes and lords, was in one of these companies, a brother actor one day exclaimed despairingly, "I wish I knew where to find a dinner!" "Come with me," said Kemble, and straightway he led the hungry one to a large turnip field. "This is where I have dined during the last six days," said the future tragedian. If the magnates of the neighbourhood were puritanical in their ideas the chances were that some night in the middle of the performance a posse of village constables would invade the barn and carry the poor wretches off to prison. Of course, occasional gleams of sunshine penetrated their wretched existence; a good house, a good meal, or a carouse with some admiring patron, nay, even a few rounds of applause would for a while dispel all their cares, and reconcile them to the hard fate they had cursed a thousand times.

A few years ago—and maybe even now—such pictures could have been easily paralleled in out-of-the-way country places, where some curious relics of the old strolling days were still to be found. In many places the hour of performance had to be announced by the beating of a drum through the streets, and until this tattoo was heard not a soul would enter the theatre. A few years ago an itinerant manager related to me a very similar experience. He had been allowed the use of the village schoolroom; on his first night the doors were opened, and remained open some time without anybody entering them. With a sinking heart he went to a native whom he had engaged as money-taker, and asked if he could explain the reason. "How can 'ee expect 'em to come when you haven't rung the bell?" said the native; "how do they know you're ready? Nobody'd come till they hear that." Much relieved, the manager rushed off and lustily rang a big bell; the effect was as magical as the pipe of the Pied Piper of Hamelin; out of their houses trooped men, women, and children, drawn as it were irresistibly to the theatre by this vigorous tintinnabulation.

If the company were at all presentable they would occasionally be supported, not only by the village people, but by the gentry as well. About fifteen years ago half-a-dozen actors, all belonging to good provincial theatres, during the summer started with a fit-up into the Eastern counties. Being of a class very superior to the actors usually found in such places they were well received, well patronised, and even fêted by the inhabitants of the primitive little town, upon the Norfolk coast, which they first visited. After they had stayed there some time they were recommended to go to another place, a few miles distant, where the principal hotel had an assembly room. Upon journeying thither, however, they found that the room was not lofty enough to take their scenery. "I've got a good big barn that would just suit 'ee," said the landlord. Believing that the barn days were over the actor was quite indignant at the suggestion, and upon his return to W— told it to his town friends as a capital joke. To his surprise, however, they regarded the matter in quite a different light, and advised him to accept the offer. "But no respectable person will come," he urged. "The barn will make no difference," was the reply, "they are used to go there." Persuaded at length to try the experiment, the actors went over to B— and arranged for the barn, had a very primitive stage erected, made an inner roof to keep off the wind and rain with tarpaulin borrowed from the railway company, and made up their auditorium with forms and chairs from the hotel. Their friends of W— had furnished them with letters of introduction to some of the gentry of the neighbourhood of B— with injunctions to deliver them personally, adding: "You will be sure to be well received." Notwithstanding these assurances, the actor who undertook the task felt very embarrassed at first, when asked where the performances were to take place, but finding it created no surprise, that everybody was delightfully pleasant and ready to take tickets, the feeling soon wore off. The opening night came, the weather was damp and unpleasant, the tarpaulins "bellyed" like the sails of a ship, and the candles, the only illuminants available, began to flare, leakages were discovered here and there, and a thick carpet of sawdust could not keep the floor, which was only the bare earth, quite dry. Yet long before the appointed time carriages, some of which had come five or six miles—began to roll up, and the front seats to fill up with country gentry, until the yard of the hotel was so full of vehicles that no more could be crammed in, and several had to remain outside in the rain. It need only be added that the audience were delighted with

the performance, that some actually waited for the actors to congratulate them, and that during the company's stay they were well patronised by all classes. One might have fancied one's self back in the days of Garrick or Kemble.

H. B. B.



MESSRS. AUGENER AND CO.—Of all branches of teaching nothing is more trying than that of the earliest steps in music, both for teacher and pupil. We there are welcome any means whereby the difficulties may be smoothed from the uphill path of the learner, and an interest awakened in his or her work. "The Abecedarian," in pianoforte playing, means an elementary pianoforte school, and is arranged in easy steps, leading from first beginning up to the degree of difficulty of Clementi's First Sonata in C. This clever work is in five parts. Part I. contains seventeen melodious pianoforte duets, the treble (for the pupil) within the compass of five notes, crotchets only used, no rests. Part II. contains ten melodious pianoforte duets, the bass for the pupil, within the compass of five notes. We can heartily commend this work to the attention of teachers for beginners; the plan upon which it is based is novel and very excellent.—From the talented young composer, Cornelius Gurliitt, comes a budget of first-rate music for the pianoforte. Foremost amongst the original of its contents are "Six Sonatas pour Piano-forte," each one illustrating a different style of composition in an easy form; No. 1 "Allegretto Scherzando" in C, the bright melody of which will catch the most obtuse ear; No. 2 an "Allegro Vivace" in C; No. 3 "Allegro non Troppo" in G. The other three are equally good. By the same composer are "Six Sonatinas" arranged as moderately difficult duets, after the same style as the solos above mentioned.—A trifle more difficult is "Marionette Overture," arranged both as a duet and a solo.—"Mimosen" is the comprehensive title of twelve characteristic pieces for the pianoforte, prettiest and most attractive of which is "Babbling Brook."—From a dozen of easy and refined pieces for little people may be mentioned as specially attractive "Slumber Song," "Verlust" (Loss), and "March in D;" they consist of two pages only. Quite as easy, but double the length, are three charming little pieces: "The Fair," "Hunting Song," and "Der Kleine Wandersmann."—Quaint and pleasing is "Salto Mortale," as its title would lead us to suppose.—Oscar Wagner sends Nos. 1 and 2 of "Six Miniatures pour le Piano:" "Andantino" and "Album Leaf," are both so sweetly written and graceful pieces, the former being the prettier of the two.—Three pieces by Frédéric Mann, namely, "Mignonette," "Le Papillon," and "Sérénade du Gondolier," a very effective barcarole.—A brace of pieces which will remind many a holiday maker of pleasant mountain trips is "Le Berger" (Tyrolienne), and "Souvenir de Zillerthal," both by Maurice Lee.—The many admirers of M. Moszkowski will be pleased with "Menuet" and "Valse Brillante," by that gifted composer.—Showy and brilliant is "Marche Romanesque," by Bruno Schurig.—A morceau of more than average merit is "Maiden's Orison," by J. Eggghard.—For fairly advanced players "Presto à la Tarentelle," by Max Fauer, arranged as a duet, will prove very attractive.—Welcome additions to a musical library will be found in Léon d'Ourville's "Soixante Musicales" (Book III.); Del Valle de Paz's "Esquisses" (Op. 2); Sterndale Bennett's "Three Musical Sketches" (The Lake, The Millstream, and The Fountain) and Hensert's "Album."

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Contributions to the Hymnody of the Church," by W. A. Copinger, met with so favourable a reception on their first issue that he has published a second and revised edition, and inserted forty additional tunes. This collection contains some very original and pleasing tunes, and will prove a useful addition to all church choirs (Messrs. Forsyth Brothers).—It is a great mistake to commence a work, on whatever subject it may be written, by condemning others in order to glorify the writer. We advise Maria L. Grimaldi, when she brings out a second edition of "The Art of Pianoforte Playing and Teaching," to omit the first chapter, with its sweeping condemnation of "The Everything-teaching Governess" and "The Finishing Master," &c. The forty-one pages of which this little volume consists are chiefly devoted to tracing fault with what *is*, and saying but very little of what *should be*, proving that it is far more easy to find faults than to point out the method of reforming them (W. Reeves).

THE BEAUTIFUL VILLA D'ESTE, AT TIVOLI, is likely to be bought by an industrial company, and the lovely gardens rained by iron foundries. Built in the sixteenth century by Cardinal d'Este, son of Alphonso of Ferrara, the villa is well known by visitors to Rome for its romantic terraces, its cypress and ilex alleys, and the fascinating view across the Campagna to distant Rome. Yet Italians seem to be awakening in some degree to the preservation of their ancient treasures. Thus at Venice most of the public buildings just now are a mass of scaffolding in preparation for restorations; the celebrated church of S. Giovanni Battista at Ravenna is to be restored, and a Byzantine Museum established; while fresh excavations are to be made in the Roman Forum, and the hospital there demolished.

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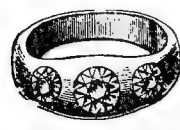
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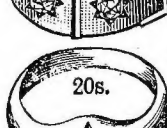
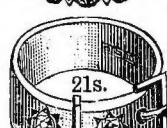
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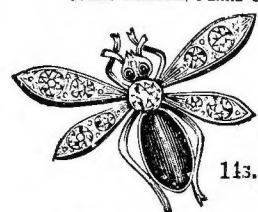
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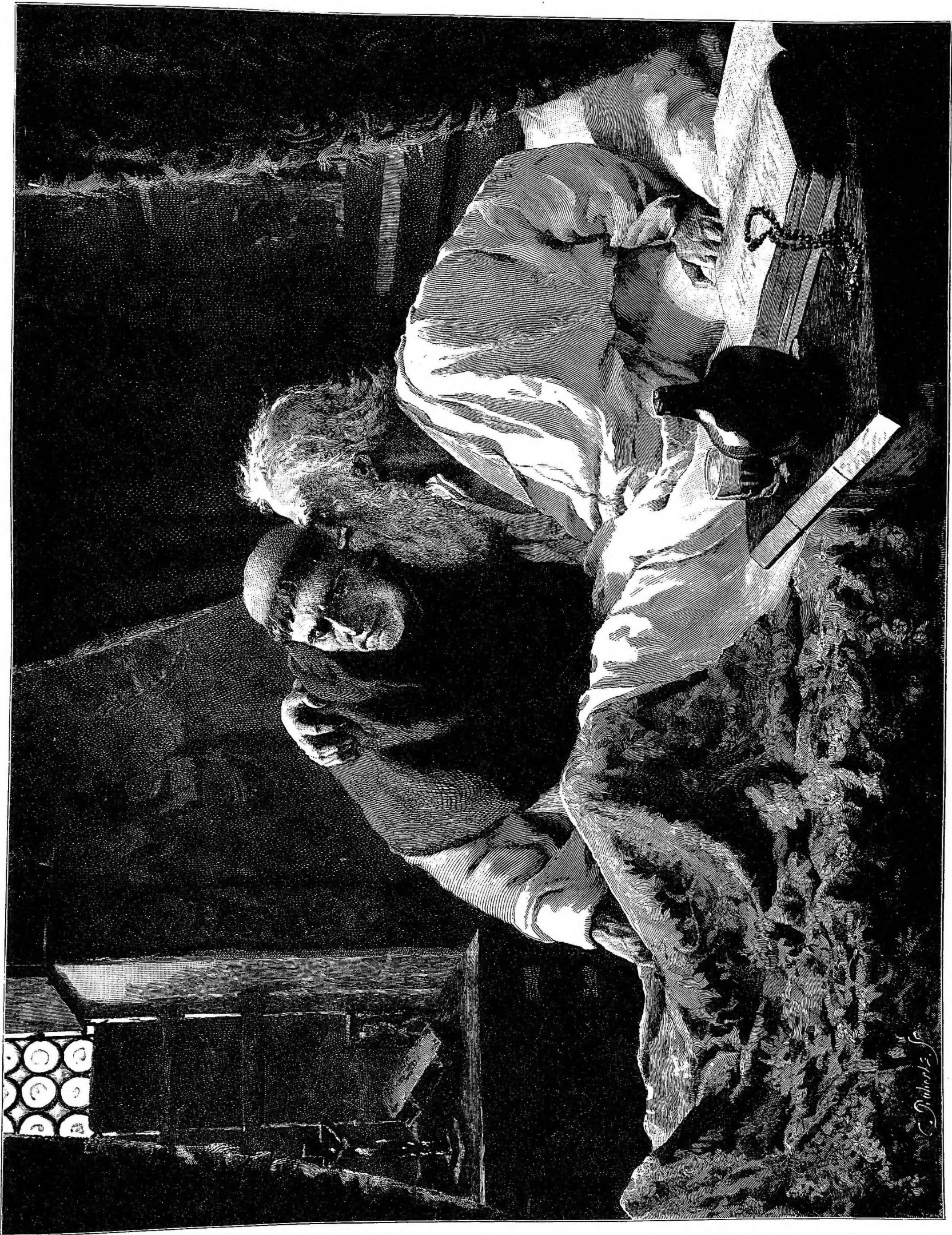
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gs. 202 ft. 600 gs. 203 ft. 603 gs. 204 ft. 606 gs. 205 ft. 609 gs. 206 ft. 612 gs. 207 ft. 615 gs. 208 ft. 618 gs. 209 ft. 621 gs. 210 ft. 624 gs. 211 ft. 627 gs. 212 ft. 630 gs. 213 ft. 633 gs. 214 ft. 636 gs. 215 ft. 639 gs. 216 ft. 642 gs. 217 ft. 645 gs. 218 ft. 648 gs. 219 ft. 651 gs. 220 ft. 654 gs. 221 ft. 657 gs. 222 ft. 660 gs. 223 ft. 663 gs. 224 ft. 666 gs. 225 ft. 669 gs. 226 ft. 672 gs. 227 ft. 675 gs. 228 ft. 678 gs. 229 ft. 681 gs. 230 ft. 684 gs. 231 ft. 687 gs. 232 ft. 690 gs. 233 ft. 693 gs. 234 ft. 696 gs. 235 ft. 699 gs. 236 ft. 702 gs. 237 ft. 705 gs. 238 ft. 708 gs. 239 ft. 711 gs. 240 ft. 714 gs. 241 ft. 717 gs. 242 ft. 720 gs. 243 ft. 723 gs. 244 ft. 726 gs. 245 ft. 729 gs. 246 ft. 732 gs. 247 ft. 735 gs. 248 ft. 738 gs. 249 ft. 741 gs. 250 ft. 744 gs. 251 ft. 747 gs. 252 ft. 750 gs. 253 ft. 753 gs. 254 ft. 756 gs. 255 ft. 759 gs. 256 ft. 762 gs. 257 ft. 765 gs. 258 ft. 768 gs. 259 ft. 771 gs. 260 ft. 774 gs. 261 ft. 777 gs. 262 ft. 780 gs. 263 ft. 783 gs. 264 ft. 786 gs. 265 ft. 789 gs. 266 ft. 792 gs. 267 ft. 795 gs. 268 ft. 798 gs. 269 ft. 801 gs. 270 ft. 804 gs. 271 ft. 807 gs. 272 ft. 810 gs. 273 ft. 813 gs. 274 ft. 816 gs. 275 ft. 819 gs. 276 ft. 822 gs. 277 ft. 825 gs. 278 ft. 828 gs. 279 ft. 831 gs. 280 ft. 834 gs. 281 ft. 837 gs. 282 ft. 840 gs. 283 ft. 843 gs. 284 ft. 846 gs. 285 ft. 849 gs. 286 ft. 852 gs. 287 ft. 855 gs. 288 ft. 858 gs. 289 ft. 861 gs. 290 ft. 864 gs. 291 ft. 867 gs. 292 ft. 870 gs. 293 ft. 873 gs. 294 ft. 876 gs. 295 ft. 879 gs. 296 ft. 882 gs. 297 ft. 885 gs. 298 ft. 888 gs. 299 ft. 891 gs. 300 ft. 894 gs. 301 ft. 897 gs. 302 ft. 900 gs. 303 ft. 903 gs. 304 ft. 906 gs. 305 ft. 909 gs. 306 ft. 912 gs. 307 ft. 915 gs. 308 ft. 918 gs. 309 ft. 921 gs. 310 ft. 924 gs. 311 ft. 927 gs. 312 ft. 930 gs. 313 ft. 933 gs. 314 ft. 936 gs. 315 ft. 939 gs. 316 ft. 942 gs. 317 ft. 945 gs. 318 ft. 948 gs. 319 ft. 951 gs. 320 ft. 954 gs. 321 ft. 957 gs. 322 ft. 960 gs. 323 ft. 963 gs. 324 ft. 966 gs. 325 ft. 969 gs. 326 ft. 972 gs. 327 ft. 975 gs. 328 ft. 978 gs. 329 ft. 981 gs. 330 ft. 984 gs. 331 ft. 987 gs. 332 ft. 990 gs. 333 ft. 993 gs. 334 ft. 996 gs. 335 ft. 999 gs. 336 ft. 1002 gs. 337 ft. 1005 gs. 338 ft. 1008 gs. 339 ft. 1011 gs. 340 ft. 1014 gs. 341 ft. 1017 gs. 342 ft. 1020 gs. 343 ft. 1023 gs. 344 ft. 1026 gs. 345 ft. 1029 gs. 346 ft. 1032 gs. 347 ft. 1035 gs. 348 ft. 1038 gs. 349 ft. 1041 gs. 350 ft. 1044 gs. 351 ft. 1047 gs. 352 ft. 1050 gs. 353 ft. 1053 gs. 354 ft. 1056 gs. 355 ft. 1059 gs. 356 ft. 1062 gs. 357 ft. 1065 gs. 358 ft. 1068 gs. 359 ft. 1071 gs. 360 ft. 1074 gs. 361 ft. 1077 gs. 362 ft. 1080 gs. 363 ft. 1083 gs. 364 ft. 1086 gs. 365 ft. 1089 gs. 366 ft. 1092 gs. 367 ft. 1095 gs. 368 ft. 1098 gs. 369 ft. 1101 gs. 370 ft. 1104 gs. 371 ft. 1107 gs. 372 ft. 1110 gs. 373 ft. 1113 gs. 374 ft. 1116 gs. 375 ft. 1119 gs. 376 ft. 1122 gs. 377 ft. 1125 gs. 378 ft. 1128 gs. 379 ft. 1131 gs. 380 ft. 1134 gs. 381 ft. 1137 gs. 382 ft. 1140 gs. 383 ft. 1143 gs. 384 ft. 1146 gs. 385 ft. 1149 gs. 386 ft. 1152 gs. 387 ft. 1155 gs. 388 ft. 1158 gs. 389 ft. 1161 gs. 390 ft. 1164 gs. 391 ft. 1167 gs. 392 ft. 1170 gs. 393 ft. 1173 gs. 394 ft. 1176 gs. 395 ft. 1179 gs. 396 ft. 1182 gs. 397 ft. 1185 gs. 398 ft. 1188 gs. 399 ft. 1191 gs. 400 ft. 1194 gs. 401 ft. 1197 gs. 402 ft. 1200 gs. 403 ft. 1203 gs. 404 ft. 1206 gs. 405 ft. 1209 gs. 406 ft. 1212 gs. 407 ft. 1215 gs. 408 ft. 1218 gs. 409 ft. 1221 gs. 410 ft. 1224 gs. 411 ft. 1227 gs. 412 ft. 1230 gs. 413 ft. 1233 gs. 414 ft. 1236 gs. 415 ft. 1239 gs. 416 ft. 1242 gs. 417 ft. 1245 gs. 418 ft. 1248 gs. 419 ft. 1251 gs. 420 ft. 1254 gs. 421 ft. 1257 gs. 422 ft. 1260 gs. 423 ft. 1263 gs. 424 ft. 1266 gs. 425 ft. 1269 gs. 426 ft. 1272 gs. 427 ft. 1275 gs. 428 ft. 1278 gs. 429 ft. 1281 gs. 430 ft. 1284 gs. 431 ft. 1287 gs. 432 ft. 1290 gs. 433 ft. 1293 gs. 434 ft. 1296 gs. 435 ft. 1299 gs. 436 ft. 1302 gs. 437 ft. 1305 gs. 438 ft. 1308 gs. 439 ft. 1311 gs. 440 ft. 1314 gs. 441 ft. 1317 gs. 442 ft. 1320 gs. 443 ft. 1323 gs. 444 ft. 1326 gs. 445 ft. 1329 gs. 446 ft. 1332 gs. 447 ft. 1335 gs. 448 ft. 1338 gs. 449 ft. 1341 gs. 450 ft. 1344 gs. 451 ft. 1347 gs. 452 ft. 1350 gs. 453 ft. 1353 gs. 454 ft. 1356 gs. 455 ft. 1359 gs. 456 ft. 1362 gs. 457 ft. 1365 gs. 458 ft. 1368 gs. 459 ft. 1371 gs. 460 ft. 1374 gs. 461 ft. 1377 gs. 462 ft. 1380 gs. 463 ft. 1383 gs. 464 ft. 1386 gs. 465 ft. 1389 gs. 466 ft. 1392 gs. 467 ft. 1395 gs. 468 ft. 1398 gs. 469 ft. 1401 gs. 470 ft. 1404 gs. 471 ft. 1407 gs. 472 ft. 1410 gs. 473 ft. 1413 gs. 474 ft. 1416 gs. 475 ft. 1419 gs. 476 ft. 1422 gs. 477 ft. 1425 gs. 478 ft. 1428 gs. 479 ft. 1431 gs. 480 ft. 1434 gs. 481 ft. 1437 gs. 482 ft. 1440 gs. 483 ft. 1443 gs. 484 ft. 1446 gs. 485 ft. 1449 gs. 486 ft. 1452 gs. 487 ft. 1455 gs. 488 ft. 1458 gs. 489 ft. 1461 gs. 490 ft. 1464 gs. 491 ft. 1467 gs. 492 ft. 1470 gs. 493 ft. 1473 gs. 494 ft. 1476 gs. 495 ft. 1479 gs. 496 ft. 1482 gs. 497 ft. 1485 gs. 498 ft. 1488 gs. 499 ft. 1491 gs. 500 ft. 1494 gs. 501 ft. 1497 gs. 502 ft. 1500 gs. 503 ft. 1503 gs. 504 ft. 1506 gs. 505 ft. 1509 gs. 506 ft. 1512 gs. 507 ft. 1515 gs. 508 ft. 1518 gs. 509 ft. 1521 gs. 510 ft. 1524 gs. 511 ft. 1527 gs. 512 ft. 1530 gs. 513 ft. 1533 gs. 514 ft. 1536 gs. 515 ft. 1539 gs. 516 ft. 1542 gs. 517 ft. 1545 gs. 518 ft. 1548 gs. 519 ft. 1551 gs. 520 ft. 1554 gs. 521 ft. 1557 gs. 522 ft. 1560 gs. 523 ft. 1563 gs. 524 ft. 1566 gs. 525 ft. 1569 gs. 526 ft. 1572 gs. 527 ft. 1575 gs. 528 ft. 1578 gs. 529 ft. 1581 gs. 530 ft. 1584 gs. 531 ft. 1587 gs. 532 ft. 1590 gs. 533 ft. 1593 gs. 534 ft. 1596 gs. 535 ft. 1599 gs. 536 ft. 1602 gs. 537 ft. 1605 gs. 538 ft. 1608 gs. 539 ft. 1611 gs. 540 ft. 1614 gs. 541 ft. 1617 gs. 542 ft. 1620 gs. 543 ft. 1623 gs. 544 ft. 1626 gs. 545 ft. 1629 gs. 546 ft. 1632 gs. 547 ft. 1635 gs. 548 ft. 1638 gs. 549 ft. 1641 gs. 550 ft. 1644 gs. 551 ft. 1647 gs. 552 ft. 1650 gs.



"THE KING BREAKS MANY HEARTS"

DRAWN BY FRANK COX



"THE SECRET"
FROM THE PICTURE BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY